The Nation

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The Week

President Wilson's prediction of the enactment of the banking law in the present session may or may not be well-grounded. In their comment on the President's letter to Mr. Underwood three of the twelve members of the Senate Finance Committee declare such a result to be impossible, and three others are skeptical about it. In any case, the possibility of such rapid work, in the five weeks remaining to the extra session, will depend on the character of the amendments made in the Committee, before the bill is reported to the Senate. The recent trend of opinion has undoubtedly been to the effect, first, that the existence of certain serious defects in the bill as it passed the House has been recognized by most of the Senators, and, second, that neither Congress nor the Administration is unwilling to have amendments fully and fairly considered. This attitude, which differs from that which, rightly or wrongly, was ascribed to the bill's promoters a month or two ago, is readily accounted for by the series of frank and positive criticisms of the pending bill, since the measure passed the House, by economic writers, by bankers and business men who have testified at the Senate committee hearings, and by formal resolutions adopted by various banking and commercial organizations.

Renewed British protests against Senator Nelson's Seamen's bill, reported from the Commerce Committee on October 2, show that the measure will be opposed from two quarters. The attitude of American shipowners, however, has been discounted since last year, when the bill passed only to suffer a "pocket veto" by President Taft. Under Senator La Follette's threat of introducing a more drastic measure, their surrender could probably be obtained. As to the general intent of the bill, there can be little doubt. Aimed at raising the admittedly low standard of seamen's labor, it would bind shipowners to provide better accommodations, would enable the seaman to leave a ship where he was ill-treated, would compel regular wage settlements, and make towards better hours and better pay. If foreign shipowners protest against its "encouragement to desertion," they should remember that in other fields of labor the employer's guarantee lies in making it to his employee's interest to stay with him.

So short is memory, and so ungrateful are republics, that people might have forgotten that there once was a Secretary of State named Knox, had he not just made a speech to remind us of the fact. He was dedicating a monument to Braddock, but by an easy and graceful transition the ex-Secretary passed to a discussion of our relations with Mexico and South America. His hearers are said to have gathered that he was severely arraigning President Wilson's policy, but they must have been very acute to be able to detect this beneath Mr. Knox's generalities, which were couched in language that certainly did not glitter. He warned his audience against "the cacophonies of those who are blinded by thoughtlessness, interest, or prejudice." But this would scarcely make a good rallying cry against the Administration. How many voters would follow a banner inscribed: "Down with Cacophonies"? And if it is a question of indefiniteness and ambiguities, who could surpass Mr. Knox in laying down the rule that we are to "contribute to the unity, happiness, and prosperity of all the people" of the new world, and are to do this in "a sympathetic, practical, and unselfish way, without offence to their national *amour propre* or encroachment upon their sovereign powers"? Plainly, this is not a case of the oracles being dumb, but unintelligible.

A few calm distinctions seem all that it is necessary to make in Mrs. Pankhurst's case, in order to arrive at the merits of it. In the first place, the immigration authorities are not to be blamed for taking up the question of her right to admission. The challenge was directly put to them, and they could not refuse at least to inquire whether the law which they are enforcing every week against others would not, literally understood, exclude her. And they had to consider the prima-facie evidence of Mrs. Pankhurst's actual conviction in England for crime. But we have to bear in mind that the question is not raised of her being a fugitive from justice. She left England in the light of day, with the knowledge and consent of British officers of the law, and there is no suggestion that they desire to have her extradited or back in England one day earlier than she wishes to return. Quite the contrary! All this being so, the sole broad question put before the Washington authorities was whether Mrs. Pankhurst's offences, however severely to be condemned in themselves, are not political in their nature. The Administration at Washington has accepted her own description of herself as a determined rebel against her Government, and has accordingly classed her with those political refugees to whom this country has traditionally granted, not only admission, but a hearing.

What happened in the Fifth Judicial District of Illinois on Monday, when Judge Puterbaugh, Republican, with a fine record on the bench, was defeated for the Supreme Court by Charles C. Craig, Democrat, has been predictable since the split in the State suffrage convention ten days ago. The figure cut by the Progressive candidate was due entirely to the activity of a group of women supporters. Actuated by resentment at Mr. Puterbaugh's opposition to woman suffrage, they ran full-page advertisements in Peoria, Kewanee, and Streator papers, addressed dozens of mass meetings, and made general canvasses. This activity ran counter not only to the best non-partisan sentiment of the district, but to the judgment of the more moderate wing of the suffragists. The objections of this moderate wing to any party alignment of the suffragists, as well as to the injection by them of narrow issues into a judicial campaign, was ridden over by the radicals rough-shod.

A year ago, the Democratic candidate for Congress from the First West Virginia District was elected over his Pro-

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gressive-Republican opponent by the narrow margin of 169 votes. Last week, with the Progressives and the Republicans divided, the Democrats won again, this time by a plurality of more than 3,500. Their vote was a little less than the combined vote of their two leading rivals. The Progressive-Republican candidate of last November was the Progressive candidate this year. Since the new party, under the leadership of Gov. Glasscock, one of the Seven, avoided a split with the Republicans in the election of last year, except on Presidential electors, the only way of comparing the Progressive strength now with what it was then is by referring to the vote cast for Roosevelt in the same district. The third-party nominee for the Presidency received 13,287 votes to Mr. Taft's 12,702. Last week Mr. Laughlin received only about 4,000 votes to his Republican opponent's 10,000. The general story of decline in the Progressive strength since 1912 is thus repeated in the latest test. If it be said that some allowance must be made for the difference between a Presidential and a Congressional election, the reply is that the Republican nominee last week polled 80 per cent. of the vote cast for Taft a year ago, while the Progressive polled less than a third of the vote cast for Roosevelt.

Everybody knows that Tammany is the poor man's friend, but we are all prone to forget in how many different ways this beneficent influence is exerted. A recent item in the police news may usefully serve as a reminder of one of them. A man named Fred Goll was brought before Magistrate Freschi by Patrolman William Jacobs. Goll is referred to in the newspaper report as "one of a band of young rowdies who had tried to make things unpleasant" for the patrolman on his post. Jacobs had found it necessary to use his revolver "to ward off his prisoner's friends on the way to the station." Presumably in view of the ugly look of this thing, the Magistrate imposed the tremendous penalty of ten dollars; but this was later reduced to one dollar. The interest of the matter, however, lies in what the patrolman stated to his superior officer in making his report of the case. "When I got into court," he said, "who should come up to me but Jimmy Hines and ask me to 'go light' on the fellow." As Hines is Tammany leader in the Nineteenth Assembly District, it is clear that in interceding for this rowdy he was acting the standard Tammany part of "poor man's friend." Some superior people may object that there are thousands of poor men, women, and children who would be helped by the suppression of rowdyism, and that to be a friend to the one rowdy is to be an enemy to a thousand who are not rowdies. But Tammany knows better. What Hines did in this one case, Tammany has been doing steadily in countless cases year after year, generation after generation, and does not its political success prove that it has been right?

Two passages in the report of John Golden, president of the United Textile Workers of America, who held their annual meeting at Philadelphia this week, strike us as interesting in themselves, and peculiarly interesting when placed in juxtaposition with each other. One of them is this:

> The indiscriminate employment of children is becoming daily more serious. And I believe it is time that the national Government enacted stringent legislation that will prevent the further exploitation of those who are to be the future bulwark of our great country.

If the statement made in the first sentence were correct, it would go far towards making a prima-facie case for the proposal of national control made in the second. But, however serious may be "the indiscriminate employment of children," the assertion that it "is becoming daily more serious" is the diametrical opposite of what all the intelligence on the subject that has been coming to the public knowledge has indicated. And here let us cite the second of the passages in his report to which we have referred:

> The States that have already adopted stringent laws regulating the working hours and wages of woman and child workers have been proved to be those which are now in the highest condition of industrial development. In every case it has been shown that increased outlay of money by the manufacturer has been more than repaid in increased efficiency, greater output, and less labor trouble.

If the leading industrial States have "already adopted stringent laws"—while, as we all know, the most backward States have, one after another, been moving in that direction—and if the result of those stringent laws has been proved to be so satisfactory to the manufacturers themselves, what becomes of the argument that a tremendous increase of national control is desperately necessary?

Those who think of Hawaii in terms of the motley population may be impressed by the tone of its recent civic convention. It was, says the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin*, "a practical attempt to reach the heart of municipal and territorial problems." Led by the boards of trade, the delegates took action for better roads, the setting apart of a Kilauea and Mauna Loa National Park, the building of new open-air stations for tubercular patients, and the encouragement of agriculture. But if the convention had an American spirit of civic improvement, it had also an American zeal for advertising and development. There was an Hawaii Promotion Club, subsidized by the Legislature, an "Ad Club," and similar bodies to plan, "first, to get tourists to the islands, and, secondly, to keep them entertained after they are here." The spirit of the entertainment is implicit in the sentiment: "Where but on Oahu can you see a volcanic replica of the cathedral at Milan, or in a day's journey travel through ninety miles of scenery that varies from the ruggedness of Switzerland to the simple beauty of the Blue Grass State?" Note, too, the hearty conviction that "there is no crop that responds more satisfactorily to cultivation than the tourist crop." Visitors to the islands may henceforth look for evidence of two kinds of progressiveness.

The strong approval with which Sir Rufus Isaacs's appointment as Lord Chief Justice has been received in England must gratify even the most sanguine Liberals. To the man who only four months ago was ready to resign the Attorney-Generalship in order to save his party from the effects of the Marconi scandal, and whom the Parliamentary minority report flatly censured for "grave impropriety," the present tribute to his ability and integrity must mean much. No one has ever denied that his brilliant career and tested temper have made him the indicated successor to Lord Alverstone. The new Lord Chief Justice enters upon his la-

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bors at a time when his predecessor's ill-health has left the affairs of office in much confusion; but he may feel that he has "better confirmation, better security" in it than even his friends could once have hoped.

Enterprising map-makers should be making preparations to be early in the market with a new map of Ulster. The re-mapping of the Balkans will be nothing compared with that of the Irish province, if the exclusionists have their way. Separate treatment of the four northeast counties only is denounced by the redoubtable Mr. Garvin in the *Pall Mall Gazette* as "light talk." He points out that there is a large Unionist population in the neighboring counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone, and it must somehow be got under the rule of "King" Carson at Belfast. And as there is also a large Nationalist population in Ulster, it would follow, by parity of reasoning, that it should be shown in green colors on the map as really belonging to Dublin. "Roll up the map of Europe" is a saying that will soon have to give way to "Cut up the map of Ulster."

There has as yet been no reply from German official quarters to the British proposal of a year's suspension of battleship construction. The President of the German Naval League has declared Winston Churchill's offer to be undeserving of serious consideration; but this is the natural position for a president of a navy league to take. In the meanwhile it is to be noted that the German authorities, while fond of speaking of *Realpolitik* — a policy based on frank recognition of actualities instead of on sentiment or general principles— have in this matter of the limitation of naval armaments not been quite so *real* as they might be. Mr. Churchill has bluntly stated what everybody knows to be the fact—that Great Britain and Germany are building against each other. The Kaiser's Ministers usually speak of their naval plans as dictated by Germany's Imperial interests and by the necessity of safeguarding the Empire's coasts. Perhaps the Germans have heard that there is such a naval Power as Great Britain, but what conceivable connection can there be between what Great Britain is doing and what the German naval authorities think it right to do? The difficulty with such proposals of friendship as Mr. Churchill has formulated is that, whether they are accepted as a sign of weakness on the part of the British Government or as a sign of condescension, the effect is equally stimulating to hyper-patriotic German sentiment.

The rôle of His Majesty's Opposition in the German governmental system, hitherto played by the Social Democrats, has been definitely assumed by the eldest son of William II. It is not so very long since Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm earned the displeasure of his Imperial father by what was virtually a public demonstration against the Kaiser's Ministers. He was punished by being confined to garrison duty with his regiment, presumably not a heavy punishment for a Hohenzollern and future War Lord. At present the Crown Prince has joined issue with his father's Government on the question of the rights of the Cumberland family in Hanover and Brunswick. The probabilities are that the Kaiser is not excessively outraged by such display of independence on the part of his destined successor. As an adherent of ancient monarchical traditions, the Kaiser must accept it as natural that the heir apparent shall be in opposition to the reigning sovereign, this being about the only kind of opposition that absolutism experiences except in Russia, where assassination is also recognized. At any rate, the Kaiser ought to find satisfaction in a Crown Prince who is intensely, if overzealously, interested in questions of state and policy instead of being wrapped up in the ordinary diversions of princes and youthful kings.

No one believes that the recent heavy loss of life among aeroplane pilots will check the development of heavier-than-air machines, and there must be very few who believe that the misfortunes which have overtaken Zeppelin's air-cruisers will lead to the abandonment of the dirigible. The latest disaster is discouraging, no doubt. But Germany has pinned her faith so closely to Zeppelin that only an unprecedented series of failures can bring total discouragement. Zeppelin's catastrophes are featured in the news. His successes have become commonplace. Aerial navigation in Germany may be divided into three classes. There is the army air fleet, the navy air fleet, and the commercial air craft under private management. Critics have pointed out that it is the naval branch of the service which has suffered most in the way of accident, L-1, which was destroyed in the North Sea some weeks ago, and L-2, which was destroyed last week, both being part of the naval attachment. In civilian aerial ranks the claim is made that the army and navy do not possess a sufficiently expert personnel, though why this should be is difficult to explain. At any rate, such critics point to the fact that Zeppelin tourist ships have been regularly plying the air for a long time without mishap.

The resignation of M. Jules Claretie from the directorship of the Théâtre Français, after a service of twenty-eight years, recalls the man's extraordinary versatility. Born in 1840, he became dramatic critic to the *Figaro* and *Opinion Nationale*, newspaper correspondent in the Franco-German war, a staff officer in the National Guard during the Commune, and a voluminous writer on all manner of topics. In 1888 he was elected to the Academy. A glance at his collected works, which were published in 1904, is the best proof of his wide capacity for interest; one would scarcely realize that the stage was his chief concern. And indeed to foreigners he has been known and prized less for his connection with the theatre than for the weekly articles which he has contributed to the *Temps* and other periodicals. M. Claretie can no more keep his amazing personality from his writings than Dr. Furnivall could make an introduction to a musty text dull. His fund of reminiscence, which involves many sides of life, gives sparkle and reality to whatever he touches. His articles may perhaps be called the sole contemporary representatives of the *causerie* at its best; they are discursive and yet very much to the point. As director of the Théâtre Français, M. Claretie has kept alive popular interest in the national theatre in a period when competition from without has been steadily growing. His successor is M. Albert Carré, who is well known as the manager of the Opéra Comique.

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EX-SENATOR ALDRICH ON THE BANKING BILL.

The speech of ex-Senator Aldrich to the Academy of Political Science, in this city, reviewing and criticising the banking bill now pending in Congress, was an interesting contribution to the discussion. Not only was Mr. Aldrich, between 1908 and 1912, the acknowledged leader in the movement for banking and currency reform, but the pending bill is in very large measure based avowedly on the bill drawn up under his personal supervision. This is the first occasion on which he has publicly discussed the new proposals.

Mr. Aldrich's hostile criticism took wide ground, but he rested it primarily on the assumption that the new note circulation is to be issued by the Government, and on the language of the bill describing the Federal reserve notes as "issued at the discretion of the Federal Board," as designed "for the purpose of making advances to Federal reserve banks," and as constituting "obligations of the United States." Accepting this as a plan for issue of paper money by the Government, he assailed the theory of such governmental powers, reviewing forcibly such well-known arguments in the matter as the experience of revolutionary France, with its assignats, and citing the declarations against Government fiat money by Democratic statesmen and Democratic platforms, up to and since the unhappy Bryan episode of 1896. Bryan, in Mr. Aldrich's view, has in the pending bill, as the price of factional support, won that victory for unsound money which he lost in his personal campaigns for the Presidency.

If this exposition of the nature and character of the bill were correct, then, obviously, other objections to the measure would be wholly superseded by it. There is undoubtedly this much of force in Mr. Aldrich's contention—that the language above referred to, in describing the proposed new currency, is highly mischievous in its implications. It is also true that the language was inserted as a means of placating unsound thinkers of the Bryan stripe, whose opposition might otherwise have blocked the legislation. These facts the *Nation* has already pointed out as very grave blemishes in the bill. But we have also been at pains to show, what Mr. Aldrich did not recognize in his speech, that the bill's own indirect references to Government paper money are meaningless when tested by its actual provisions for issue of the notes.

Neither directly nor through the national supervisory board is any power over outstanding circulation proposed for the Government, except that the application for new notes, by a given regional reserve bank, may be limited or rejected, and that the tax on such circulation (again misleadingly called the "rate of interest") shall be fixed by the national board. The directors of a regional bank, acting in behalf of individual banks in its district membership, decide when new circulation is required and how much it should be, and through the regional banks that circulation is redeemed when no longer needed. The Government cannot of its own initiative, or through its national board, add a dollar to such circulation, and as for the mere fact of issue of the notes by the Government to the banks, the present National Bank act equally provides that, on the deposit of United States bonds with the Treasurer of the United States, national banks "shall be entitled to receive from the Controller of the Currency [a Government officer] circulating notes." The Government "issues" the notes, under such conditions, to exactly the extent that it would issue them under the pending bill.

We have gone into this matter in some detail, not because we in any respect approve of the language of the bill regarding the Government's function in these note issues, but because we think Mr. Aldrich has not correctly stated the true purport of the bill in this regard. A similar criticism, in our judgment, runs against his remarks of last week on the Federal Reserve Board. In many respects, his strictures on the powers conferred upon that board are entirely well founded. But his description of those provisions as "an attempt to give a Government board the right to manage a great business" hardly describes the real machinery of the bill.

Supervisory powers of large scope are proposed for this national board, but except for the three powers of "regulating" issue and retirement of the notes (whose actual significance we have already discussed), of suspending reserve requirements in a supposable emergency, and of requiring, in a similar emergency, the rediscount of one regional bank's paper by another, this national board would enjoy no powers of managing or conducting the country's banking business. The process of rediscounting paper for individual institutions is in the hands of the regional bank directorates, two-thirds of whose membership is chosen by the member banks. The rate of discount for such operations is to be fixed each week by the regional bank engaged in them, and not by the Federal Board, which has only the general power of review.

Our readers are aware that the *Nation* believes even the above-named powers of the national board to be inadequately restricted. Whether by a minority of non-political appointees in that board's membership, or by granting to the proposed Advisory Council of banker appointees a voice in its deliberations, some definite restraining power we hold to be essential. But this is a very different line of objection from one which flatly assumes that the national board is asked to take over the conduct and management of the banking business.

In Mr. Aldrich's comments on what he regards as other serious defects in the proposed machinery, there is much useful and pungent criticism. But the immediately essential duty, in reviewing so important an arraignment of the measure as a whole, is to be sure that no erroneous impression of the measure's actual purport was conveyed.

THE END OF WILLIAM SULZER.

Every thoughtful citizen of New York State must regard it as unfortunate that the judges of the Court of Appeals divided, 5 to 4, and 6 to 3, in the vote declaring Gov. Sulzer guilty on three of the articles of impeachment. But this was a difference of opinion only as concerns his legal guilt. All were agreed as to his moral guilt. Chief Justice Cullen, even while stating his belief that Sulzer ought not to be impeached for acts committed before he became Governor, made it clear that he held him convicted of the utmost moral turpitude. The man made a false oath. Money given him for his political campaign, he took to enrich himself. Judge Cullen did not mince words in declaring that, whatever the Constitutional validity of the charges, Gov. Sulzer had

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been abundantly proven guilty of the acts alleged. By the strict letter of the law it might not be possible to show that his offences were impeachable, but, even if they were not legally sufficient to oust him from the Governorship, they would oust him from all public respect, would utterly break down his reputation, and would destroy the last vestiges of confidence in him.

This general moral reprobation of William Sulzer is really the thing that stands out above all the purely legal bearings of his trial. Even if he had been acquitted by a vote or two, he would have remained a Governor at the thought of whom the State could feel only shame and overwhelming mortification. His failure to take the stand in an effort to break the force of the evidence against him would have been regarded as damning. It is stated with positiveness, and the report is credible, that this fact, and especially Sulzer's leaving wholly uncontradicted, or even unchallenged, the testimony of Peck and Morgenthau and Ryan, turned from him several up-State Senators who, in their hostility to Murphy, would have gone all possible lengths in defence of Sulzer. But he himself broke their backs. Hate Murphy as they might, they could not longer stomach Sulzer.

To the conscientiousness and sense of public duty displayed by the Court of Appeals judges who were constrained to vote Sulzer "not guilty"—not guilty, that is, under the Constitution and the Penal Code—all right-thinking men must feel like paying a special tribute. These judges had no illusions about William Sulzer. But the vilest man on earth is entitled to all his rights under the law of the land. And Judges Cullen, Werner, and Bartlett were simply zealous in maintaining what they believed to be the true intent and effect of the Constitutional provisions respecting impeachment, and avoiding the creation of a precedent that might return to plague the commonwealth. The point is highly arguable, and good lawyers and capable judges may differ on the subject, as we see. In the argument before the Court, the opinion of Samuel J. Tilden was more than once quoted—namely, that the Constitution and laws of New York are unlike most others in that they "recognize the principle that a personal crime may create a personal disqualification to exercise the functions of a public office, although the particular offence may be totally disconnected with that office." This is the doctrine which Judge Cullen held to be dangerous, in that it opened the door to serious abuses. Against that peril in the future, now that the precedent has been set in accordance with Mr. Tilden's view, we must hope that the grave utterances and written opinions of the dissenting judges—besides the distinction made by Judge Miller, that Sulzer's offences really "reached into the Governorship"—together with the restraints that public opinion and political decency are able to impose upon reckless politicians, may guard the State.

If the moral and legal results of Gov. Sulzer's impeachment are beyond question, as much cannot be said for its political effects. Concerning these, speculation will doubtless be rife for some time. There has been during the past few days a distinct abatement of the pro-Sulzer feeling. The steady drip of damaging testimony at Albany could not fail to wear it away. But much undoubtedly remains; and how it will influence the election in this city, and political alignments up the State, we can at present only guess. Much will depend on Sulzer's own course. If he at last sallies forth in that deadly war upon Murphy which he has been threatening, if he lays bare the secrets of the Tammany prison-house, the effect may be considerable. But his friends should tell him that vague accusations and general railing will not do. A man publicly discredited as Sulzer now is will have to be very precise and to produce corroboration and documentary or other conclusive evidence before he can be listened to. And the very rumors afloat in Albany about his selling his "story" to a magazine, or preparing to tell it on the lecture platform for pay, imply a general belief in the man's shiftiness which makes dependence upon him like leaning upon a broken reed.

Despite all the reserves one may have about some aspects of the verdict against Sulzer, the final exposure and political disgrace of such a man must be thought of as a wholesome thing in our public life. Those who really knew him, knew that he was absolutely unfit to be Governor of New York. In his disgrace and downfall great political lessons are writ large for all the people. We shall not again lightly delude ourselves into thinking that the gravest faults of personal character and of public record can be condoned or covered up by patter about "the people," as if there were an incantation in the phrase. Nor shall we be disposed to fancy that the espousal of even good causes by an official unworthy of trust, can do anything but weigh them down. Gov. Sulzer is removed from office and his power is broken; but the solemn warning of his career will abide.

GREAT FORTUNES WITHOUT MONOPOLY.

Public interest in the possessions of the late Benjamin Altman has centred chiefly upon the disposition of his extraordinary collection of great masterpieces of painting. But there is another aspect of the great fortune left by this solidly successful merchant which is of wider bearing, and upon which it may be not unprofitable to dwell.

Among the generalities that have flowed trippingly from the tongue of popular economists, now these many years, perhaps none has been more common than the assertion that the large fortunes of our modern days are all derived from monopoly. Without the possession of some law-granted privilege or the ownership of natural resources limited in quantity, it is maintained, nothing more than a modest fortune can be accumulated in a lifetime, except by recourse to those methods of virtual monopolization which, in their most highly developed form, have given rise to the great combinations and consolidations known as Trusts. That monopoly does play a part of the most momentous importance in the economics of our time, we should be the last to deny; but that it has taken anything like full possession of the field is utterly untrue. And the error is of serious practical importance, from more standpoints than one. It bears on the whole question of public policy involved in the Rooseveltian attitude towards monopoly on the one hand and Woodrow Wilson's attitude on the other. It bears on the deeper question underlying this, the question of Socialism. Socialists have for decades been saying that the old forms of opportunity are as good as gone, that

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it has come down to a choice between monopoly by a handful of individuals on the one hand and monopoly by the Government on the other. And with something like this notion fastened upon their minds, thousands who are not Socialists have fixed their attention on those phenomena that confirm it, and have been blind to those that run counter to it.

Of course, a single instance like that of Mr. Altman, or a half-dozen instances, would be of no significance. But looking at the single instance in the first place, what strikes one is that the two-score millions, more or less, which, from very small beginnings, this merchant acquired were gained simply by the exercise of just such skill, shrewdness, enterprise, tact, as have been the source of business success at all times and in all countries. There was no privilege, and no monopolization of sources of supply; neither was there any manœuvring, or conspiring, or manipulation of prices, to drive competitors out of business. And here we come to the second point. In this success of Mr. Altman's there was nothing singular. Scores of achievements on a similar scale can be pointed to, all over the country. Hundreds, nay thousands, of cases are conspicuous on all hands where fortunes acquired in the past twenty-five years, in absolutely competitive business, by men who began with nothing or next to nothing, while not so great, run up into the millions, or near them. In the very same general line with Mr. Altman, persons still young have seen, in every large city in the country, the rise of gigantic establishments from the most modest start; and of success almost as striking on a more modest scale the evident instances are innumerable. Outside of retail business, the proofs of success do not so readily meet the eye; but the same thing is going on in manufactures, in finance, and in various specialized forms of enterprise. The colossal growth of some of the mail-order houses is proof of what can be done by sheer energy and business ability, without the possession of a single special advantage; and the Woolworth building, the tallest in the world, bears eloquent witness to the possibilities of fortune-building in a line which, at first blush, would seem absurdly unadapted to any such ambition.

Indeed, it has turned out, as is so often the case with confident forecasts of "manifest destiny," that a change whose magnitude, and even whose spectacular suddenness, was undeniable, was nevertheless wanting in that character of finality and completeness which easy-going generalizers ascribed to it. The obsoleteness, or obsolescence, of competition is far less generally assumed as a matter of course in current discussions to-day than it was twenty years ago. When Trust after Trust was forming, when field after field seemed to be closing to competitive enterprise, when method after method of stopping this drift towards monopoly seemed to be proved futile, the conclusion that it was only a matter of a little time before nothing would be left of the older ways of business became all the fashion. It was regarded as a mark of old-fogyism to talk as though the whole matter were not settled; anybody who regarded the competitive régime as a thing worth bothering about was as much out of place in this hustling world as the old man of Dr. Holmes's "Last Leaf." But instead of sweeping everything before it, this notion, some way or other, actually ceased to make head at all, after a few years; and later on, it actually went backwards. People have found their bearings, and see plainly that they took the part for the whole; a big and important part, indeed, but still a small fraction of the great ocean of the economic activities of mankind. Monopoly is seen to be big enough to constitute a great problem; but it is not so big as either to make the solution of the problem hopeless or itself to constitute that solution.

THE WAR AGAINST DISEASE.

One event which marked the virtual completion of our task at Panama received but little attention in the press. On Monday of last week, Col. William C. Gorgas left the Isthmus for New York, accompanied by two of his fellow-workers, of whom one was Dr. S. T. Darling, bacteriologist at Ancon Hospital. It is now a commonplace that the work of Col. Gorgas made the work of Col. Goethals possible. Before Culebra could be conquered, yellow fever and malaria had to be overthrown. The task was accomplished with Col Gorgas as commander-in-chief of the army of sanitation in the field and Dr. Darling as the general staff in the bacteriological laboratory. Their departure from Panama was hastened by the fact that for the good as for the wicked in this world there is no rest. The summons had come from South Africa, where the miners of the Rand, numbering an army of workers greater than that assembled at Panama, have been the victims of the pneumonia scourge and other endemic diseases. The authorities at Johannesburg found it natural to turn for help to Col. Gorgas in his capacity as consulting specialist to sick regions of the earth. Yellow fever has become an "historic disease" at Panama, no endemic case having occurred since 1906. Malarial fever has been reduced from 1,200 cases per thousand of the population in 1906—an average of more than one case for each person—to 81 per thousand in 1912. The attention of the world will now be fixed upon Johannesburg.

The special conditions which will confront Col. Gorgas on the Rand are different from those he has had to deal with in Cuba and Panama. To the layman there can be no similarity between Colón, virtually at sea level, with a maximum summer temperature of 100 degrees and an annual rainfall of 120 inches, and Johannesburg, lying nearly six thousand feet high, with a bracing winter climate and a rainfall of 26 inches. But malaria is no respecter of altitudes. To-day we know that the disease is not due to any mysterious "miasma" rising from moist soils, but is the result of parasitic infection. We have fallen into the habit of speaking of tropical diseases, as if the tropics alone were the home of micro-organisms fatal to human life. But that is simply because the white man is comparatively new to the tropics. It is merely that maladies which the white man encounters in his work of subjecting the new areas of the globe impress themselves on his attention more dramatically than the endemic plagues from which he suffers at home in the temperate zone.

The new bacteriology is thus concerned not only with such tropic and subtropic scourges as cholera, the bubonic plague, yellow fever, and the sleeping sickness, but with those universal ravagers, tuberculosis, pneumonia, typhoid fever, and sexual disease. Tuberculosis

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kills more people in the United States than any other single cause. Close behind it comes pneumonia. The latest researches in cancer point to a bacterial origin. Unfortunately, in respect to tuberculosis and pneumonia, while the problem of causation has been solved, the remedy has not yet been forthcoming, though, judging by all precedent, the hope of humanity is justified that, once the cause has been ascertained, the remedy is bound to follow in the course of time. What has been accomplished with regard to yellow fever, malarial fever, diphtheria, and sexual disease, and what is on the point of being established with regard to typhoid fever, the not-distant future may see accomplished with respect to tuberculosis, pneumonia, and cancer. The army of research is mobilized in the laboratories of the world. Its work is carried on in comparative obscurity until the dazzling result is given to the world. Compared with this vast labor for the promotion of human happiness, how pitiful seem many of the "social" problems and issues that thunder so loudly in the headlines!

With social progress in its truest and broadest sense the achievements of the new medicine are more than in accord; they are one of the manifestations of that spirit. There is nothing fantastic in the notion that the people of New York or of London may some day be stirred by the idea that the prevalence of tuberculosis is as inimical to the "work" that goes on every day in the factories and offices of New York and London as malaria, yellow fever, and pneumonia are inimical to the work of building a Panama Canal or digging gold from the reefs of the Rand. Then we might call a Gorgas to the task, give him as free a hand as he had at Panama, and see what medical science, even in its present state, can do for the "sanitation" of the East Side or of Shoreditch. The results of such a campaign against tuberculosis, carried on, not as at present, by "education" largely, but as a definite, strategic campaign with military discipline and thoroughness, might show as rich results for humanity as the completion of the Panama Canal.

A RESIDENTIAL GRADUATE COLLEGE.

All the preliminary discussion of the project which yesterday took effect in the dedication of the splendid buildings of the Princeton Graduate College has had for the public, even for the academic public, certain misleading implications. It has seemed that some novel method of instruction, some alteration of standards, must be involved. As a matter of fact the residential Graduate College, as we shall call it for greater clearness, has been intended to provide better living conditions for students who are to work under the standards and approximately with the facilities that have prevailed at Princeton in recent years. It has been and is a question of providing advanced students with dignified housing and table facilities, and with ideal conditions for scholarly companionship.

That this is the purpose—a purpose which should not be too prosaically interpreted—the opening ceremonies make perfectly clear. The four distinguished foreign lecturers were chosen primarily as champions of the residential idea. Professor Shipley, the biologist, and Professor Godley, the classicist, come respectively from Cambridge and Oxford Universities, which have ever held the ideal that scholars of all ages should live in close association with the college. Professor Boutroux, publicist and philosopher, is associated both with the famous Ecole Normale and with the Fondation Thiers, which are alone among institutions of higher liberal studies in France to house their students. The philosopher, Professor Riehl, of the University of Berlin, has been especially interested in effecting the plan for a residential college which was proposed more than a century ago by the patriot philosopher Fichte. Dean West's address emphasized the value of companionship in study, the fruitful interplay of keen young minds, the generally civilizing effect of an Académie which is also a scholar's home.

Clearly, what we have to reckon with is an application to the American graduate student (and to a moiety of his teachers) of the system which has worked admirably in the case of the British undergraduate and most of his teachers. Dean West, to whose unflagging endeavor these stately buildings are an eloquent testimonial, was undoubtedly fired by the charm of college life at Oxford, Cambridge, and the Paris schools, shocked as well by the narrow and sometimes nearly sordid conditions which meet the American graduate student in his lodging and eating-house, distressed by the meagre opportunities which such a life may afford for helpful comradeship. Doubtless there was something more than this in the dream of an Oxford college grafted upon the sturdy Princeton stock. No one will have noted more shrewdly that, besides their services to scholarship, Oxford and Cambridge, centres of what is deemed dilettanteism, homes of odd individualisms, asylums of reaction, have, after all, trained those men of action who in Parliament, in home and colonial administration, in diplomacy, journalism, and literature, guide the destinies and direct the higher thinking of the British Empire. Unquestionably some such ideal of public efficiency also underlies what superficially appears to be the establishment of an uncommonly fine academic club *more anglicano*.

By this criterion at least the success of the attempt is likely to be judged. If our young specialists can, by rubbing together with one another and with their academic seniors, be made more flexible and available both for their specific work of teaching and research and for various public service, then the Princeton experiment will have fully vindicated itself, and will be followed. Such a success would mean the enriching of our national life all round. No other very concrete advantage or sudden change is to be expected. We are assured that the ideals of teaching and learning and research are to remain at Princeton essentially what they were before, but the new movement has already effected several brilliant new appointments to the faculty. Yet so far as research is concerned, while the residential academic life has its advantages, it also has distinct dangers which at this moment it were ungracious to put forward. Should the Princeton experiment produce no marked scholastic effect, the example of a generous, seemly, and companionable life at Princeton might still attract students, and become matter of envy to universities which cannot afford to Oxfordize their graduate schools. Yet such a success would be provincial

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and little short of failure. Thus a somewhat heavy responsibility rests upon the young gentlemen and scholars whose windows look across Mr. Cram's picturesque quadrangle to the soaring mass of the Cleveland Memorial Tower. Much has been done for these young men. A miniature letter-true Oxford is put at their disposal through a great architect's unerring taste. If they can combine with the wit and humane scholarship of Oxford something of the robust directness and serviceableness of him whom the soaring tower commemorates, a brilliant academic venture will be justified of its earliest children. *Vigeat sub numine.*

THE RULE THAT PROVES THE EXCEPTION.

In John Galsworthy's play, "The Pigeon," a London flower-girl who has tried to drown herself is rescued by a policeman and placed under arrest:

> Wellwyn: Well! God in Heaven! Of all the topsy-turvy——! Not a soul in the world wants her alive—and now she's to be prosecuted for trying to be where every one wishes her.

In these few lines Mr. Galsworthy illustrates the attitude and the method of a popular radical school, and sums up also its strength and its weakness. It is the attitude and the method which have Bernard Shaw for their best-known exponent. It is a form of guerrilla warfare against things as they are which consists essentially in rallying the inconsistencies, the contradictions, and the logical gaps in our laws and institutions. For society to drive a poor girl to suicide and for the law to punish her for attempting suicide, proves this to be the kind of topsy-turvy world that lives in Shaw's pages; a world of Liberals who are fanatics, of Conservatives who are anarchists, of virtuous women who despise virtue, of Mrs. Warrens who are pillars of society. The reason why this method should be popular is plain. The method has always been practiced. There is epigrammatic sting to Mr. Galsworthy's lines, there is malice, and there is partial truth: a combination which always scores a decisive debating point.

It is a method that, for all its cleverness, carries with it the impression of a fatal lack of robustness; perhaps because it is too clever. Astounding! Here is a school that denies most things, that questions everything, that demands a clean sweep all round, yet for all that, is dreadfully lacking in red blood. It knocks a head wherever it sees one, but does so with hardly a trace of the moral indignation, the hot wrath with which Cromwell or Robespierre knocked heads and cut them off. It is a quibbling, puckish, Donnybrook spirit. It makes the victim wince, but it does not make him afraid. And it does not make the partisan of established things afraid, because it is fighting for impossibilities. It is fighting for the one great impossibility, which is that there shall be no rules in life, but only exceptions. It does not attack laws, but law; it does not attack definite institutions, but the idea of institutions. It is anti-social; not in the sense that it antagonizes society as at present constituted, but the very idea of social organization. The law which makes attempted suicide a punishable offence may be a bad law. Does Mr. Galsworthy wish us to abolish it? Not in the least. He is aware that if the non-punishment of suicide is made a rule there will be, just the same, unfortunate exceptions who will suffer. He would have no difficulty, for instance, in portraying some weak-willed unfortunate individual who chooses death after a long struggle, in which the existence of a law against suicide might have proved strong enough to act as a deterrent.

In justice to Mr. Galsworthy it must be said that the sentence we have quoted is not altogether typical of his work as a whole. So earnest a student of character and life as Mr. Galsworthy cannot be permanently blind to the inexorable truth that life must be made up of law—and exceptions. But it is quite different with the house of Shaw. There the implication is plain that to live under the rule instead of among the exceptions is ludicrous, indecent, and unjust. Such an attitude offers undoubted opportunities for comedy, for satire, and for the necessary amount of criticism to keep humanity from fossilizing into peaceful self-complaisance. But there it ends. Shaw's bitter little capsules of human inconsistencies and contradictions may help to shake up the liver; they make dreadfully poor nourishment for the normal man.

Long ago the wisdom of the world summed up the situation harshly: the fool can ask more questions than the wise man can answer. This remains true even though the fool is sometimes a Touchstone and the wise man is a dull shepherd in Arden. Heavy-pated Corin in the forest of Arden, who knew that the property of rain is to wet and of fire to burn, and that a great cause of the night is lack of sun, very likely knew that life cannot be turned from rules into exceptions, without making exceptions the rule. Do not imagine that Bernard Shaw, in tearing our social system to pieces, is an anarchist. Under triumphant conditions of anarchy, he would most certainly side with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Shaw, the critic of existing marriage customs, would not be wanting for material if he were transported to some remote island where, let us say, sexual promiscuity was made compulsory by law. He would immediately write plays about devoted couples who go to the stake as martyrs to monogamy; a practice which would obtain his hearty commendation because it was not the usual thing.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, October 12.

When Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson died three years ago, the last of the four great chieftains of Norwegian literature, of whom the others were Ibsen, Kielland, and Lie, a discussion arose to decide who might now be called Norway's most distinguished living author. Public opinion generally centred on the names of Knut Hamsun and Hans Aanrud, the latter of whom recently celebrated his fiftieth birthday amid great ovations. Aanrud is a very popular author, and his stories of peasant life in the eastern part of the country are marked by simplicity, truthfulness, and a keen sense of humor. One of his best stories, delightfully portraying the simple round of a small peasant girl's life, was translated into English a few years ago under the title of "Lisbeth Longfrock," but its literary pendant, "Sølve Solfeng," which pictures a little peasant boy, has not been so honored. As a part of the semi-centennial celebrations over the author, the Gyldendalske publishing house is bringing out a popular edition of his works.

A small volume of lectures, called "Tidsspørsmaal i skole og opdragelse" ("Questions of the Hour in School and Education"), by the professor of pedagogics at the University of Christiania, Otto Anderssen, is concerned with problems of considerable interest. The

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first three lectures discuss the experiments made to explore the psychological life of the child (pedology), the attempts to furnish young men and women with a higher professional education (the German labor-schools), and the question whether or not ethics should be taught in school. By far the most interesting lecture is the fourth and last, in which the author gives his personal view of the pedagogical tendencies of our time and maintains with much strength that the pupils should have a larger share in directing the school's discipline. It will surprise some readers to learn that Dr. Anderssen takes a somewhat skeptical view of certain modern tendencies in American education, such as the George Junior Republic.

The centenary of the birth of Ivar Aasen, the Norwegian linguist and author, gave rise to the publication of two volumes on his life and work. The more important of the two consists of contributions from Arne Garborg, Anders Hovden, and Halvdan Koht, the last of whom has written an excellent essay containing much new material. The other volume is issued by the periodical, *Syn og segn*, and is made up of shorter essays and studies, considering mainly the more particular phases of the author's work. Both publications are written exclusively by men who adhere to the new national language of Norway, the "landsmaal," of which Ivar Aasen was the founder, and in this same language the text is written.

A subscription work which should particularly interest Norwegian-Americans, Knut Takla's "Det norske folk i de forenede stater" ("The Norwegian People in the United States"), has just been brought to completion; it covers almost 500 pages, and the price is only four kroner. The book describes the daily life and the economic and cultural conditions of Norwegians in America, and considers at some length the chances of success which a Norwegian immigrant may have in the new country. The author was for twenty-two years a travelling agent for the *Skandinaven*, a Norwegian daily paper published in Chicago, and naturally has a thorough knowledge of his subject. Once in a while it seems as if his desire to dissuade his countrymen from leaving the Fatherland caused him to draw a gloomy picture; but on the whole it must be said that the work is fairly accurate.

A clergyman of the Danish church, Arboe Rasmussen, has for some time been the centre of a bitter religious controversy in Denmark. He has openly confessed that in many respects he differs with the accepted dogmas of the state church, and when recently he applied for a new appointment in this church his opponents commenced an agitation to have him shut out. Arboe Rasmussen answered by publishing a small book, "Om trosbel endelsen og præstelöftet" ("On the Confession and the Ordination Vow"), in which he maintains his opinions with much clearness and composure, even where the chapters are of a strictly polemical nature, and which abundantly testifies to the author's sincerity as well as to his unflinching belief in the nucleus of the Christian faith. The book is divided into three parts, treating of the confession, the ordination vow, and the immaculate conception, his thoughts on the last matter being somewhat radical.

One of the wittiest Danish writers of the present time, Gustav Wied, has a new book out which lives up to his reputation for boldness and even impropriety. Other recent Danish books which deserve mention are Fr. Moth's "Vagantviserne," J. Paludan's "Fransk-engelsk indflydelse paa Danmarks digtning i Holbergs tidsalder" ("French-English Influence on Danish Literature in the Age of Holberg"), La Cour's "Zacharias Topelius og Fredrik Barfod," and Karl Christensen's "Hvor fremtiden gror" ("Where the Future Grows"), all of which are concerned with subjects from the history of literature and are too valuable to be overlooked.

The eminent Swedish musical critic, W. Peterson-Berger, has issued in book form the seven lectures which he delivered at Stockholm during the winter of 1912-13 on the occasion of the Wagner centenary. The collection, which bears the title "Richard Wagner som kulturföreteelse" ("Richard Wagner as a Cultural Phenomenon"), gives evidence of the author's mastery of his subject and fires the reader with some of his own love and admiration for the great musician. Wagner's position in the history of music is considered in detail. In the last of the lectures, on "Sweden and the Wagner Movement," a little-known subject receives an illuminating treatment. A new subscription work is "Sveriges städer" ("The Cities of Sweden"), the first part of which has been issued by the publishing firm of P. A. Norstedt & Sons, Stockholm. Written by competent authors, it gives a thorough historical description of all Swedish cities and is richly illustrated and admirably executed by the printer's and bookmaker's hands. Twelve parts are to appear each year and the price of the whole work will be 255 kroner, if all parts are ordered together.

The Swedish story-writer, Hjalmar Bergman, recently brought out a new book, called "Loewen historier" ("Loewen Stories"). It contains three stories which are all characterized by the author's customary good humor. Other Swedish books of recent issue are the following: "De löjliga familjarna" ("The Peculiar Families"), by Harald Wägner; "Hans hustrus förflutna" ("His Wife's Past"), by Anders Eje; "Bilder ur Värmlands folkliv" ("Pictures from Life in Värmland"); short stories by J. C. v. Holsten, and "Vårt folk och kristendomen" ("Our People and Christianity"), a series of articles by prominent men.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In an essay entitled "Was Poe Accurate?" Prof. A. H. Tolman says:

> Probably most persons would think of "The Gold Bug" as the best illustration of the accurate working of Poe's mind. The celebrated cryptograph there found solves itself all right, I presume. There are some mathematical statements in this story, however, which are impossible. ("Hamlet and Other Essays," p. 399.)

His presumption, however, with regard to the cryptograph is not entirely warranted, for this, too, contains some mathematical statements which are impossible.

"The Gold Bug" was first published in the *Dollar Newspaper* (Philadelphia) for June 21 and 28, 1843, where it won a prize of one hundred dollars. Poe had sold the story to Graham for fifty-two dollars, but before its publication had asked Graham to return it to him. "I had returned him the story of 'The Gold Bug' at his own request, as he found that he could dispose of it very advantageously elsewhere" (*Graham's Magazine*, March, 1850). Copies of the *Dollar Newspaper* are no longer accessible, but the story was fortunately reprinted in the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*, June 24, July 1 and 8, 1843, copies of which are owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society of Philadelphia.* It was later included in the 1845 edition of Poe's works.

When Poe first wrote the cryptograph, he made the angle at which the telescope was to be elevated "forty-one degrees and thirteen minutes." But in the manuscript corrections which he made in the Lorimer Graham copy, doubtless realizing that his angle of elevation was a bit high, he changed the "forty-one" to "twenty-one" and made the necessary changes in the order of the characters in the cryptograph, adding the] to represent the letter *w*. However, he neglected to make the corresponding changes in the table of the characters in the cryptograph, but, save for the addition of the] to represent *w*, let it remain as it was when the cryptograph contained the word "forty-one." The change of degree involved the addition of the letters *t w e n* to the cryptograph and the subtraction of the letters *f o r* from it. He should therefore have so changed the numbers which represented the number of times these letters occurred as to make them read as follows:

Of	the	character	8 [e]	there are 34
"	"	"	; [t]	" 27
"	"	"	‡ [o]	" 15
"	"	"	* [n]	" 14
"	"	"	1 [f]	" 7

And a corresponding change should be made in all editions based upon the Lorimer Graham text, some of which are those edited by Stedman-Woodberry, Harrison (Virginia ed.), Stewart, Trent, Perry, Newcomer, Gambrill, and the volume in Macmillan's Pocket Classics.

*Campbell, *Nation*, XCIII, 363.

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But there is even another mistake in the table. If the characters in the original cryptograph be counted, it will be found that there are 203 of them. If the characters as enumerated in the table are counted, it will be found that there are but 193 of them. Evidently then, in constructing the table, Poe overlooked some of the characters; an investigation reveals the fact that he neglected to count the character (, which stands for *r*. This is the more remarkable since mention is made of this character in the text following the table. There are ten of these, and when they are added to the table the number of characters in both cryptograph and table becomes the same. With the exception of Lowell's edition (published by Crowell, n. d.), this mistake is repeated in all editions not based upon the Lorimer Graham text, among which are those of Duyckinck, Griswold, Ingram, Stoddard, Hale, Graves, and the Cameo edition.

Not having included the (in his original table, Poe naturally overlooked it in the Lorimer Graham corrections. It should therefore be added to the table in those editions based on the Lorimer Graham text, but with a change of the ten to nine, since in the change from "forty-one" to "twenty-one" an *r* was lost.

In the key to the cryptograph there occurs a similar oversight. Poe says:

To avoid confusion, it is now time that we arrange our key, as far as discovered, in a tabular form. It will stand thus:

5	represents	a	6	represents	i
†	"	d	*	"	n
8	"	e	‡	"	o
3	"	g	(	"	r
4	"	h	;	"	t

We have, therefore, no less than ten of the most important letters represented.

He has neglected to include in the list the character ?, which represents *u* and which he had already solved.*

In "The Purloined Letter" it will be remembered that Poe represents Dupin and himself as sitting in a dark room smoking, when the Prefect G—— enters. Dupin starts to light the lamp, but forbears when he hears that G—— has brought him a matter requiring reflection, it being his theory that he can think better in the dark. In two instances in the tale Poe seems to have nodded slightly—perhaps the dark was to blame, perhaps it was the Prefect G——.

In the paragraph:

"Than whom," said Dupin, amid a perfect whirlwind of smoke, "no more sagacious agent could, I suppose, be desired, or even imagined,"

it is probable that the object of the whirlwind of smoke was to hide the ironical smile upon Dupin's face as he thus openly ridiculed the Prefect. If so, would not the darkness have afforded ample concealment? Again, at the close of his visit, the Prefect produces a memorandum-book and proceeds to read aloud a minute account of the internal, and especially of the external, appearance of the document." If it was dark when he arrived, surely at the time of his departure it must have been too dark for this incident to have taken place!

As I began with a quotation from Professor Tolman's article, I cannot do better than to conclude with a slightly condensed paragraph from the same source.

But a truce to petty fault-finding! Poe's fame is secure. . . . His was essentially an original mind; he was a literary . . . discoverer, and the world does not often forget its discoverers. Whether we think of the detective story; of the scientific romance; of what we may call "the short story of atmosphere"; of certain fundamental truths in "the philosophy of composition"; of the true theory of English versification, since elaborated by Sidney Lanier; or of Poe's own peculiar type of intensely musical poetry—we can say with substantial truth, that he was—

> the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.

ALFRED ALLAN KERN.

*This mistake seems to have been noticed by Stoddard in 1884, who is followed by Hale, Graves, and the Cameo edition. The remaining texts have the old incorrect reading.

Correspondence

PLATFORM ANARCHY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Possibly a word should be said under the inspiration of your recent remarks on "Platform Anarchy" (*Nation*, October 16), as exemplified in Massachusetts at the present time. I note your contention concerning a candidate who refuses to be bound by subsequent party resolutions:

So many Republicans may have been swayed by his personality, or by a portion of his political creed, that he can scarcely claim in his nomination an unqualified endorsement of his whole platform. The provision of the Massachusetts and New Jersey laws, moreover, that when a party chooses its nominee it chooses also delegates who shall express its political faith, recognizes a party solidarity which Mr. Gardner's emphasis of his personal views opposes.

In the current case of Mr. Gardner, however, it is fairly to be contended that his principles as well as himself were endorsed in making the nomination. There was a well-marked line of cleavage between Gardner and Benton, the opposing nominees. Gardner was chosen by a substantial majority, after an exhaustive campaign in which principles necessarily figured. The subsequent party convention, however, made no account of the cardinal points for which the party's nominee had contended, and a casual reading of its platform might lead one to believe that the nominee was Col. Benton rather than Congressman Gardner.

Under those circumstances, is not the "platform anarchy" rather on the part of the convention than on the part of the candidate? True, the delegates composing that convention were chosen by the self-same votes that chose Capt. Gardner as the nominee. As a matter of fact, however, probably not one voter in a thousand devoted the slightest thought to the delegates, or so much as bothered to read their names. They were at the extreme end of the ticket and could be voted for by marking a single cross on the ballot. It is an undoubted fact that they were chosen in the most absolute indifference, whereas the choice for the head of the ticket—personality, principles, and all—was deliberate and well considered. The choice of Gardner against Benton carried with it a tacit instruction to the party to give out a Gardner, rather than a Benton, platform. As for the delegates to the subsequent convention, there was in almost no case any alternative list. One might write in other names if one chose—but probably no one chose. No ballot more superlatively supererogatory than that for Republican delegates under the present Primary law could well be imagined. It meant nothing to the ordinary voter, and to read into the choice a considered permission to erect any sort of platform that the delegates might choose, even against the candidate's known protest, is quite impossible. The platform officially adopted by the convention was not responsive to the public understanding with which that convention was selected.

Of course the whole matter is of little importance in these piping days of interlocking party politics. No attention whatever is likely to be paid to the platform of the Republican or the Democratic party in Massachusetts this year, by any voter in any city or town. There is no burning issue, and even the four pet planks on which Capt. Gardner lays such stress are wholly immaterial to the situation. The Progressive party, with a new creed to formulate, had some excuse for making its platform a prominent feature, but beyond that the conventions might as well have been entirely omitted. They are for the moment mere survivals of a past, somewhat like the caudal vertebræ in man. But if in any case they became important, I think the votes of the public for a contested nomination should control the opinions embodied in the platform, rather than the votes of the public for a wholly unpledged and unnoticed list of party delegates. The former at least implies the possession of an opinion by the voters. The latter is a meaningless pro forma act.

PHILIP SANFORD MARDEN.

Lowell, Mass., October 18.

MR. WILLIAM J. PRICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your editorial headed "The Consuls Safeguarded" (*Nation*, September 18), there appeared the following statement:

The minor diplomatic offices are now going to the ordinary hack politicians. Why, for instance, should William J. Price, of Danville, Ky., be sent as Minister to Panama? We have been unable to ascertain that he has had previous diplomatic service, or been anything else at home but a "prominent" local officeholder of mediocre abilities; and the same is true of others recently selected.

Such a grave injustice has been done by the false impressions of Mr. Price drawn by the author of the above-quoted statement, that I feel it my duty as his lifelong friend to place before you the true facts.

Mr. Price, instead of being a "hack" politician, represents the very best type of men in politics to-day, standing among those who advocate clean and good government and the highest standards in public service. At the very outset of life he won high academic honors and bore the reputation among his fellows as being a pure-minded, serious young man, with a regnant purpose in life. After a course at law, he took up the practice of his chosen profession. His ability as a lawyer soon received recognition, which resulted in his election by the Central University of Kentucky to an important chair in its College of Law, where for seven years he did most

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faithful and efficient work. Later he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for his home district, serving in this capacity for two terms to the satisfaction of the people of his district, and with great credit to himself. Although Mr. Price's home is located in one of the closest political districts in his State, no opposition for nomination or election has been offered against him in any of the political races which he has made.

In order that you may know how well he is esteemed at home, I will state that at a banquet given in his honor just before his departure for his new post, the very highest tributes were paid to him by the president of his alma mater, members of the bar, leading divines of his city, officials, and citizens. JAMES H. DORMAN, JR.

Washington, D. C., October 13.

IS "HOOSIER POETRY" APPROPRIATE IN THE "NATION"?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A week ago two leading Boston journals printed some verses for children by a North Dakota writer. Most of the words were intentionally misspelled with the evident intention of indicating mispronunciation. The approving comments were unexpected and depressing. Still more so is the general tenor of your editorial, "The Hoosier Poet," in the issue of this week. Doubtless there are many persons who tolerate or even enjoy such barbaric puerilities, but surely few of them are among the regular readers of the *Nation*. As one of the latter since its foundation, I protest against such misuse of its pages. It may be proper to chronicle the events enumerated in your article as items in the literary history of the United States, but half a dozen lines would have served as specimens of the dialect that needs no example or precept among our young people. To paraphrase Disraeli's epigram as to Gladstone, the existence of such corruptions of English is merely a misfortune; their reproduction in the *Nation* is a calamity. BURT G. WILDER.

Brookline, Mass., October 18.

Literature

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS.

A Candid History of the Jesuits. By Joseph McCabe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The word "candid" in the title of Mr. McCabe's book immediately catches the attention, both because of its implications and its claim. It implies a criticism of previous attempts to write the history of this Society and puts forward a claim of impartiality for this new effort to perform the same task. As to the failure of M. Cretineau-Joly, chief apologist of the Society, Mr. McCabe's evidence leaves us in little doubt; his glossings over, his omissions, his use of forged documents as genuine, all condemn his work not only as far from "candid," but as misleading and untrustworthy. Nor do those hostile critics, Catholic and Protestant, who have attempted to write the history of the Society, apparently leave us in a much better situation. For while their accounts are true as far as they go, they give but a one-sided view. They tend to paint all Jesuits one color, and that a black of the deepest dye. As to Mr. McCabe's own attempt, a careful reading of it leaves the impression that it is not only a piece of genuine historical work, therefore necessarily "candid," but also one of an excellent order judged by criterions of research, judgment, and narrative skill. Indeed, his previous works, "The Life of St. Augustine," "The Decay of the Catholic Church," and so on, together with his training at Louvain, would amply justify an expectation of a thorough piece of work. Nor does it need his assurance that he is an adherent neither of the Protestant nor of the Catholic faith to inspire us with confidence in his frankness and impartiality.

Yet, candor admitted, has Mr. McCabe after all given us a satisfactory understanding of the most fundamental source of the original strength and continued vitality of the Jesuits? Does he sufficiently emphasize the mysticism and the religious fanaticism that determined Ignatius to dedicate his abilities to the service of the Church, and that continued through all periods to supply the Society with a nucleus of high-minded, genuinely religious, if fanatical, members? A failure to place entirely in the right perspective this dynamic element in the life of the Society is the chief, perhaps the only, serious criticism that can be brought against this judicious and, in parts, intensely absorbing narrative.

No less religious than St. Francis, Ignatius was in other respects a wholly different type. To this difference his training contributed its quota. Ignatius was a military man, trained to value organization and discipline. Yet deeper was his fundamentally diplomatic cast of mind. A consecrated diplomatist, he inoculated his first followers, and through them successive generations, with principles and methods of action that brought success, to be sure, and performed wonders for Catholicism against Protestantism, as well as heroic and spectacular deeds in Europe and on the mission fields, but also brought on the hatred of Protestants, and, strikingly enough, that of a large proportion of the Catholic world as well.

It was Ignatius who first set the example of maintaining against the express commands of the Pope practices that in his own *private* judgment were best for the Society. It was Ignatius who, by such action, and by seeking privileges that allowed the Jesuits to encroach on the spheres of action of the secular clergy and the other monastic bodies, sowed the seeds of that intense corporate feeling which blossomed into a corporate selfishness; this, perhaps more than anything else, won for them inside the Church itself a cordial hatred. Again it was Ignatius who inculcated that policy of cultivating the wealthy and powerful for the greater glory of God, which proved later so misleading a beacon to the feet of his less inspired followers. Above all, it was Ignatius who first displayed those diplomatic methods of action, that casuistic habit of mind, which in their development inspired the members of the Society with the idea that the end justified the means.

Among the fruits of their selfishness was the hate of the old monastic orders. On the plea that the older orders had forfeited their rights through sloth, inefficiency, and degeneracy, the Jesuits laid claim to much of the secularized church property which had been recovered from Protestant hands after the successes of the Counter Reformation. Just as this plea may have been in many cases, it was not calculated to increase the popularity of the Jesuits. The same was true of their steady and subterranean efforts to obtain control of the established universities. They respected no privileges, were eager to control everything, and, to procure leadership in the Catholic ranks, stopped at nothing. Not only did they assiduously cultivate the friendship of wealthy and influential men and women, but they engaged in commercial undertakings on a large scale. They allowed able merchants, after joining the Society, to conceal their membership and continue in business. In South America their native converts, to the number of three hundred thousand, were gathered in well-ordered villages, and led out to labor in the fields or fight in the armies of the Society. These services the natives performed without other pay than that of lodging, clothing, and food. The profits were gathered in by the Jesuits, and though the Fathers declared these to be inconsiderable or non-existent, the extreme solicitude with which they guarded their "reductions," as the villages were called, from all impartial investigation, suggests the contrary. In one apparently well authenticated case they offered Bishop Cardenas of Paraguay twenty thousand crowns if he would omit their possessions from his diocesan inspection. When this was refused, they spread the report among the natives that Spanish priests were coming who would interfere with the women; they raised a troop of eight hundred natives, advanced on the Episcopal town, procured the coöperation of its Governor by a bribe of thirty thousand crowns, seized, maltreated, and exiled the Bishop, and finally obtained his transference to another diocese. In this way, too, were the Jesuits sowing the whirlwind.

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The author furnishes a list of acts, gathered in part from Pascal's biting essays, which were justified by the casuistry of Jesuit confessors. If a man could not sleep without supper, he was not bound to fast. A wife was excused from fasting if her husband thought it interfered with her attractiveness. Wealthy Christians were bound to give to the poor out of their superfluous goods, yet the Jesuit Vasquez proved that "You will scarcely find such a thing as superfluous goods among seculars, even in the case of kings." If a valet found it inconvenient to change his master, he might even hold the ladder by which his master climbed to an illicit adventure, though in this extreme case the master *must scold much* before the valet would be justified. It was lawful to pursue and kill a man who had dealt you a blow, *provided you had merely a technical regard for your honor, and did not feel vindictive.* It was lawful for a monk to kill a man who defamed his monastery or his order, if there was no other way to arrest the defamation.

The crash came in 1773, after the Jesuits had been expelled by the Catholic powers of Portugal in 1759, of France in 1764, of Spain and of Naples in 1767. The Pope, Clement XIV, suppressed and abolished the Society "forever," recognizing that it could no longer "produce the abundant fruits and the considerable advantages for which it was created." At the time of its abolition the Society numbered 22,589 members, of whom 11,293 were priests, and owned 669 colleges and 869 other residences. But the Society of Jesus was only scotched, not killed, and its former members seem never to have disappeared from Western Europe. Under Frederick the Great they founded asylums in Prussia, notably Catholic Silesia, which was acquired not many years before from Austria, and also in Russia. In the latter country they maintained their organization intact until restored to a legal life by the action of Pius VII in 1814, who saw in them the most effective agency for rooting out what remained of liberalism and revolution. Since then the Society has suffered many vicissitudes. At present it is still excluded from Portugal, Italy, the German Empire, France, Mexico, and several of the South American republics. It has been restored and is flourishing in Spain, Austria, Belgium, England, and the United States.

With regard to Spain Mr. McCabe says: "I am informed that the present Queen has surrendered entirely to the pressure of the Queen-Mother and the Jesuits. Unless the King has the courage to lighten the laboring vessel of royalty by sacrificing the Jesuits, which would give him immense popularity, Spain will, within ten years, follow the example of Portugal." In Italy, also, growing liberalism, according to Mr. McCabe, will force the Government to return to its strict law which has been much in abeyance. As a result of this leniency, there are large numbers of Jesuits in the country, the Italian province numbering more than a thousand members. "At Rome they control the Gregorian University, the German and Latin Colleges, the Biblical Institute, and other papal establishments. They have recovered all their influence at the Vatican under the present mediæval pontiff, and they are among the most ardent supporters of the reactionary policy with which he is paralyzing higher culture in the Church of Rome. The higher secular clergy are little less anxious than the Socialists and Free Masons to see them suppressed." Yet, with all their vicissitudes, the Jesuits have increased enormously during the last half-century. The future seems brightest for the Jesuits in the Protestant countries. "Probably the Jesuits will, in twenty years' time, be excluded from every Catholic kingdom, yet number more than 20,000."

It is interesting to note that in Mr. McCabe's judgment the Society is still unchanged in its essential characteristics, while the Jesuits of Germany, England, and the United States are a very different body from the Jesuits of Spain,

> There is no change in the inner principles and ideals. "All for the Glory of the Society," as Mgr. Talbot sardonically translated their Latin motto, is still the ruling principle; the Society remains the Esau of the Roman clerical world. It still chiefly seeks the wealthy and powerful; it is the arch-enemy of progress and liberalism in Catholic theology; its scholarship is singularly undistinguished in proportion to its resources; it embarks upon political intrigue, even for the destruction of state forms, whenever its interest seems to require; it is hated by a very large proportion of the Catholic clergy and laity in every country. . . . It is not impossible that Catholicism itself will again angrily suppress the perverse and irregular construction of the Spanish soldier-diplomatist, and insist that religious ideals shall be pursued only by scrupulously clean and unselfish exertions.

CURRENT FICTION.

Westways: A Village Chronicle. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Co.

This story is quite up to the standard of Dr. Mitchell's earlier work. Like "Hugh Wynne," it is, in a secondary sense, an historical romance. Most of the action takes place in the later years of the Civil War, and the importance of the war theme throughout quite removes the narrative from the plane of a mere "village chronicle." To the estate and village of "Westways," however, in middle Pennsylvania, the leading figures belong: there we find them, and there we leave them.

The Squire, Capt. James Penhallow, has retired from the service on inheriting the family estates. His wife is a Maryland woman, of slave-holding stock. They are childless, but upon them devolves the care of a niece of the wife, and later of a nephew of the husband. The not over-shrewd novel-reader will discern that Leila Grey and John Penhallow are destined for each other, before a dozen pages of the story are turned. When John, a coddled product of European rearing, arrives at Westways, he is "a thin, pallid, undersized boy, who dislikes even the mild sports of French lads." He carries a gold-mounted cane, speaks with stilted precision, and is afraid of wet feet. Leila, a true American-bred tomboy, takes him in hand, and, with the Squire's assistance, makes a man of him. She herself, of course, presently changes from tomboy to lovely woman, and keeps the hero at arms' length until the final curtain.

Historical figures are introduced with caution. Lincoln makes a single brief appearance in a "speaking part," Grant, Stanton, and others cross the stage, or loom in the wings. The battle-scenes are few, and not the less effective because less "vivid," less ghastly and nightmarish than the current fashion of description. The atmosphere of the time, which Dr. Mitchell remembers for himself, is conveyed as the fancy of the younger generation of fiction-writers, with all their cleverness, can hardly hope to convey it.

The Spotted Panther. By James Francis Dwyer. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu. By Sax Rohmer. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

The barbaric heroine plot is a very old one; at least as old as the myths of Ariadne and Medea. Its outline is simple: the heroine of foreign race falls in love with the adventurer at first sight, by treason to her friends helps him to accomplish great tasks and avoid fearsome dangers, and at last escapes with the hero. It is interesting to see how closely two recent stories, belonging in other respects to different types, conform to this scheme.

"The Spotted Panther" is a story of adventure in Borneo, written in rather facile journalistic style. If George Fitch should attempt to write in his usual manner a Rider Haggard romance, the result would be something like Mr. Dwyer's story. Chico Morgan and Lord Edwin Templeton, both men of great stature and prowess, set out with the narrator for the interior of Borneo, in search of the Great Parong of Buddha, a huge sword set with priceless gems, which formerly belonged to various con-

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querors of India. It is now worshipped as a fetich by an inland tribe of head-hunters, of whom the Spotted Panther, a ferocious giant, is chief. Certain descendants of a crew of shipwrecked Portuguese are now recognized as members of the tribe. One of these, Nao, a girl of marvellous beauty, falls in love with Morgan at sight; and through her aid the adventurers escape numerous direful fates, and at last obtain the Great Parong. Of course, Nao escapes with her lover and the rest, but to save her life and destroy the Spotted Panther the Great Parong has to be sacrificed.

"The Insidious Dr. Fu-Manchu" is in some respects a conventional detective story. Nayland Smith, the hero, has for friend and assistant a competent but not too astute medical man. Dr. Petrie is ever at his elbow to administer timely opiates and restoratives to his captives, to admire his acumen and nerve, and endlessly to describe his manner of smoking. The barbarous enemy is Dr. Fu-Manchu, the advance agent of the Yellow Peril, who has brought wealth, universal learning, and all but supernatural resourcefulness to the fine art of murder. Dr. Fu's mission in England is to get rid of men whose knowledge and influence are likely to hinder the development of China as a great military Power. Fu has "a forehead like Shakespeare's and a face like Satan's." In his service are Karamanèh, an Arab slave-girl of supreme beauty, and various highly trained Oriental criminals—dacoits and thugs. Against this combination Nayland Smith would have had small chance; but observe the advantage to a detective of having a presentable medical friend. No Medea could fall in love with Smith—his manners are too much subdued to the trade he works in. He has an unpleasant habit of clicking his teeth, and instead of saying anything, he almost always "snaps," "raps," or "jerks" it. But Karamanèh falls in love with Dr. Petrie at first sight, rescues him and Smith from various horrible deaths, and shoots at least one dacoit to save their lives. Among the many victims of violence in these chronicles we may mention the rules of English grammar.

Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B. By F. E. Mills Young. New York: John Lane Co.

I.D.B. stands for a South African degree of sinister standing—illicit diamond buyer. However, this is not a tale with a crook for a hero. Myles Calthorpe is the old-fashioned young gentleman who sacrifices himself for the woman he loves. As of old, the sacrifice is a mistaken one. Her brother is the real criminal; Calthorpe makes his mistake in fancying that her happiness is bound up in her brother's fate, rather than in his own. Three years of penal servitude leave him still obstinate in his self-immolation. He is persuaded to take another name, and has made a place for himself in a new community, when the girl turns up and exposes him as an ex-convict. In the end the brother confesses, and the pair are brought together, despite a queer element of anti-climax which is injected into the story at the last moment, and which would seem likely to spoil the romance outright for readers of a certain sex. It is unsafe to graft a sprout of realism on purely sentimental stock; and the casual nature of the experiment fatally slackens the grip of the main narrative upon the not too keen sympathies of the reader.

FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

Financial History of Ohio. By Ernest Ludlow Bogart, Ph.D. University of Illinois Studies in the Social Sciences. Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 2.

This work is the first issue of the new series inaugurated by the University of Illinois entitled "Studies in the Social Sciences." Hitherto the University has been contented to publish its scientific products of all descriptions, agricultural, mathematical, etc., in the "University Studies"; but with the increase in the number of its faculty and graduate students in those departments dealing with social life, there has been felt, as at other institutions, the need of a special outlet for the results of research along these lines. It is to be hoped that the editors will demand a high standard of scholarship from the contributors, and not feel obliged, as seems to be too frequently common in similar series, to print every study offered because it is a product of the University, or else is recommended by some colleague whose feelings might be hurt, should a product of his seminar be rejected.

This first number, or rather double number, as it is called without any obvious reason, is an excellent example of what can be done in the field of Western history, if the student will only go to the source material and will not base his facts on the traditions preserved in State and county histories. The list of publications principally used by the author shows that he has had recourse only to the most authoritative sources, namely, the Government publications, although he has found these frequently ill-digested and their information scattered and difficult to understand.

The subject of the volume is treated under two headings: the first deals with the "Financial Legislation and Administration," and the second with the "History of Taxation in Ohio." After the preliminary historical sketch in the first chapter comes the study of the budget, which both historians and economists will probably find the most valuable in the volume. The period of territorial and early State finance was marked by thrift and economy in the government:

> The farmers and pioneers who composed the early Legislatures were poor and hard working, unaccustomed to handle large sums of money or to think in large sums, and they ordered the household of the State frugally, as they did their own affairs. The time, moreover, had not yet come for joint effort through State action. Such concerted action as occurred was carried on through the local governments, as road and bridge building, but in general the period and the environment developed individualism rather than coöperation through political agencies.

Beginning with 1825 there was initiated in Ohio a period of internal improvements. The old system of a land tax was changed at this time to that of the general property tax. Although there is no evidence of startling dishonesty in the handling of the funds used in building the first canals, etc., the money easily obtained by borrowing was carelessly spent. From the year 1845 for about a decade there was an era of "legislative extravagance, of administrative dishonesty, and of private and corporate corruption which happily is unique in the history of the State." Under Gov. Chase there came a thorough housecleaning, and at the time of the outbreak of the war between the States, Ohio was prepared to bear the additional expenses incident to that struggle. After the war, the budget of the State rose very rapidly, and there have been periods of great extravagance and some dishonesty. Particularly in the planning of the State institutions for the dependents and the criminals, the lack of definite plans and of adjustment of the budget brought about great waste. With the panic of 1873 was ushered in a period of economy which was soon broken by renewed improvidence. After 1895 the revenue was increased by a number of new lucrative taxes, and there has been developed a better system of control, but the State still suffers from the hand-to-mouth policy of an elective Legislature and Executive. This chapter is followed by valuable tables in which the receipts and expenditures are grouped in a logical manner. Some such system for financial reports as is here given by Professor Bogart might well be adopted by the officers of our States, whose reports are invariably without classification or analysis.

In the history and analysis of the general property tax, chapter iv, the author traces the growth and final break-down of that system. It was introduced into Ohio in 1825 to replace the complicated and cumbersome system of separate tax laws, that had resulted in many inequalities. The new law "abolished the old system of land classification and at the same time introduced a number of new features: the taxation of all property for State purposes, instead of land alone; the valuation of real property at

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its true value in money; the specific enumeration of all the forms of property to be taxed; the establishment of boards of equalization, and the other machinery of the general property tax."

This law of 1825 was greatly modified by amendments during the following years, more completely by the Kelley Act in 1846; but in spite of all their efforts, the Legislature was unable to equalize the taxation of land and the less tangible forms of property. Two principles of taxation had become paramount in the minds of the people, when the Constitution of 1851 was drafted and both were incorporated in that instrument. These principles were: the rule of equality in taxation, and the necessity of withdrawing from legislative caprice by including in the Constitution all subjects, such as taxation, in which the selfish interests were opposed to those of the people. In sections 2 and 3 of article xii of the new Constitution all arbitrary taxation was abrogated; but the adoption of the "uniform rule" of taxation developed in a few years into an evil which prevented any further advance towards reform, such as the classification of property; and the laws that have been passed since this time have not marked any material progress over that of 1846. Professor Bogart expresses the hope that the Constitutional Convention, which was sitting while his volume was in the press, would so change the Constitution as to permit the classification of property for purposes of taxation, but this has not happened, for the Convention yielded to the influence of corporate interests and approved the antiquated and discarded system under which the State has suffered for two generations.

In chapters v and vi the author departs somewhat from the limits of his title by including histories of banking and railways in Ohio; but since neither subject has ever received adequate treatment, he was justified in taking the larger view in order that the history of taxation of these important industries might be better understood. There is very much to praise in the volume, for it is well done, and the citizens not only of Ohio but also of other States are in the author's debt.

Autobiography of George Dewey, Admiral of the Navy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

A trifle under three-fifths of Admiral Dewey's story of his life is taken up with that part of it which preceded his assignment to the command of the Asiatic Squadron; two-fifths is devoted to the momentous twelve months at Manila, and a few pages suffice for the narrative "Since Manila." These are the right proportions. Dewey's career holds much of interest before even he thought of the possibility of our being concerned with the Philippines, though the idea was in his mind long before it had entered that of many of his countrymen.

In 1873, the news of the Virginius affair reached Commander Dewey in the Gulf of California. Going into the wardroom of his vessel, the Narragansett, he found the officers in various attitudes of despondency. In reply to his inquiry, they said that there was to be war with Spain, and, marooned thousands of miles from home, they should be entirely out of it. "On the contrary, we shall be very much in it," he assured them. "If war with Spain is declared, the Narragansett will take Manila." Fate had evidently destined him for the deed which he was to perform a quarter of a century later. But it was necessary for the Assistant Secretary of the Navy to lend fate a hand. In the summer and autumn of 1897, the Navy Department was inclining towards Commodore Howell for the command of the Asiatic Squadron, and political influence also was exerted in his behalf. "I want you to go," Mr. Roosevelt declared to Dewey one day. "You are the man who will be equal to the emergency if one arises. Do you know any Senators?" Dewey had made it a rule never to seek to bring political influence to bear upon the Department. But in answer to this question, he said that Senator Proctor, from his own State of Vermont, was an old friend of the family. "You could not have a better sponsor," Mr. Roosevelt exclaimed. "Lose no time in having him speak a word for you." But the Department had its revenge. Not until after the battle of Manila Bay was Dewey raised to the rank of acting rear-admiral, which for years had been conferred as a matter of course upon every commodore ordered to command the Asiatic Squadron. One of Dewey's friends offered him the consolation that the only one of his predecessors who had won a great name by action in the Far East also had held his rank. This was Commodore Perry.

When Dewey went to Annapolis as a midshipman, the Academy was only nine years old. The dormitories were merely the barracks which had housed the artillerymen stationed at old Fort Severn. Most of the instructors were civilians. But the course of study was rigorous. Of the sixty who entered with the future admiral in the autumn of 1854, twenty-three fell by the way the first year, and only fifteen received diplomas. At the end of that first year, Dewey ranked twenty-third in a class of thirty-five. The next year, he was ninth in a class of twenty-six; and when he graduated, he stood fifth among fifteen. "There was a saying in the sixties," he writes, "that the men of 1840 in our navy would have been more at home in the ships of Drake's fleet or in those of Spain's invincible armada than in the ironclads of the Civil War." He was to see his first service in the Civil War in an antiquated vessel, the side-wheeler Mississippi, Commodore Perry's flagship when he "opened up" Japan. In 1862, at the age of twenty-four, Dewey became her executive officer. During this period, his youth was continually in his way, men of his rank but of more years being preferred for responsible positions. Nevertheless, the record shows him to have been an officer of nerve and intelligence. His account of the battle of New Orleans reveals Farragut as the indomitable figure which history has painted him. Dewey's narrowest escape was a year or so later, on the Monongahela, when an exploding shell from a field battery mortally wounded a fellow-officer by his side.

One naturally turns with keen interest to the pages in which Vice-Admiral von Diedrichs is mentioned. Dewey does not conceal the anxiety he felt over the presence in Manila Bay of a powerful squadron whose commander seemed determined to ignore the laws and customs usually observed during a blockade. But his displeasure is never suffered to get the upper hand. He is as urbane in recounting the trying experience as he was in undergoing it.

It is an interesting story that Admiral Dewey has to tell, and an important one. He was ready for Manila because, instead of settling down to the routine which contented many officers in the days of our old navy, he was continually observing the naval progress of other nations. The natural interest of the volume is enhanced by its clear, straightforward style, the credit for which is shared by Frederick Palmer.

Changing Russia. By Stephen Graham. With 15 illustrations and a map. New York: John Lane Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Graham's volume describes a tramp trip along the shore of the Black Sea, from Novorossisk to Batum, and a visit to the gold-mining country of the Urals. Its frontispiece is most appropriately a portrait of the author, from a pencil sketch, rather than a view of any scene in Russia. For as a work on economic and political Russia the book is of small account; as soon as the author reflects he is, not exactly a child, but a half-grown boy prattling childishly. His leading theme is the ugliness of commercialism, now ever encroaching on Russia; the peasant is his idol, the bourgeois his aversion. "The hope lies in the Tsar and his advisers, who are all Conservatives, that they truly conserve and keep the peasantry living simply and sweetly on the land, that they will not make any more commercial concessions when once the present pecuniary needs are satisfied" (p. 11). This anti-commercial enthusi-

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asm leads Mr. Graham to a mildly mystical Slavophilism, probably based on his beloved Dostoievsky. "I believe Russia has an extraordinary greatness to be attained through her Church, through her national institutions, and by virtue of her national landscape. It is a greatness that starts from the peasant soul. . . . The cultivated and educated Russians must not lose their peasant souls" (p. 210). "The Russian Church has the future of the peasantry in its hands more than the Government or the Duma or the Tsar. It can save it from ruthless exploitation by the commercial Western world only by keeping it honest, God-fearing, founded in reality. . . . Happily, as yet there is no need to quarrel with the Tsardom; the need is to combine, to care for the peasant spiritually and materially, by giving him the Church built on the rock, and saving to his hands his own Slavonic land" (p. 162). "Gorky was Russia's last hope. Nothing national has appeared since his day. And until the time when Russia shall say again that England, France, Germany are rotten, empty, and old, until she looks into herself once more, she will fail to have a literature, and will fail to feel herself living as a nation" (p. 126).

These drowsy echoes of futile Russian musings are, however, less prominent in this book than in its predecessor, "Undiscovered Russia." A reader forgives them in his delight over the real charm of the work, its poetic impressions of scenery, incidents, and types of character. One learns of "regiments of yellow hollyhocks and evening primroses, all wild, growing by the way, unaware of their rights to places in gardens, quite unselfconscious, like village maidens who do not know a passing townsman thinks them pretty" (p. 47), and then of the "hares," railway travellers who skilfully avoid paying their fare:

> In Russia . . . a national means of transit . . . is to travel in a train under the seat. To do such a thing in England is scandalous and improper, and the poor hare is liable to be brought to court, rebuked, fined, and then advertised in red print on all the railway stations where his friends wait for trains. In Russia arresting hares would mean arresting half the nation. Hares travel in the third-class compartments; a man or woman under the seat in second- or first-class carriages is comparatively unusual. In the third-class, not only are there hares under the seats, but the same dear furry creatures up in the luggage-rack. The hares are wonderfully tame, and are often lured out of their burrows when the inspector of tickets has gone by, and may be persuaded to take seats, smoke, and give a very lively account of themselves (pp. 237, 238).

The spirit is the same as in "Undiscovered Russia," but the style is more natural and unassuming. At its best the volume recalls—high praise!—Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" or his "Inland Voyage." Of informing works on Russia there are many, of artistic narratives very few; among such Mr. Graham's work deserves to hold first place.

Notes

Among the books which the Century Company is publishing this week are "Social Evolution," by Prof. F. Stuart Chapin; "The Near East," being the third volume of travel in the East on which Robert Hichens and Jules Guérin have collaborated, and Arthur Rackham's "Mother Goose," which contains twelve pictures in color by this artist and more than sixty in black and white.

The following titles are soon to be brought out by Revell: "The Keeper of the Vineyard," a novel of the Ozarks, by Mrs. Caroline Abbot Stanley; "The Shepherd of Us All," stories of the Christ, by Mary Stewart, and Prof. Hugh Black's "According to My Gospel."

Included in the autumn list of Browne & Howell, of Chicago, are the following: Francis F. Browne's "The Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln," new revised edition; "The Life of Preston B. Plumb, U. S. Senator from Kansas, 1877 to 1891," by William E. Connolley; "Broke: The Man Without the Dime," by Edwin A. Brown, and "Sonnets of a Suffragette," by Berton Braley.

One of the welcome reprints of the season is Mrs. Emily James Putnam's book, "The Lady," which has been brought out in a cheaper edition by Sturgis & Walton.

For the Anniversary Papers by colleagues and pupils of Prof. George Lyman Kittredge, the library of Harvard University has prepared printed catalogue cards covering each of the forty-six contributions. Sets of these cards were distributed free to the subscribers to the Harvard printed cards. A few extra sets can be had by libraries which have bought the book and desire to enter each paper separately in their card catalogues, by sending 60 cents to the librarian of Harvard University, Randall Hall, Cambridge, Mass.

The British-American Peace Centenary is to be celebrated in Great Britain, if the necessary funds can be raised, by the erection of a memorial in Westminster Abbey, the purchase of Sulgrave Manor, the homestead of the Washington family, "as a fruitful symbol of the kinship of the two people," and the foundation of a chair of Anglo-American history, and annual prizes to be given for essays on this subject written by public-school pupils. For the coming celebration in London a special day has been set apart for each State. Bunker Hill day, June 17, has been chosen for Massachusetts, September 4 for New York.

It is evident from his sympathetic introduction that Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason has performed a work of love in editing "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody" (Houghton Mifflin). The majority of the letters are written to the editor; others are addressed to Robert Morss Lovett, Mrs. Toy, wife of Professor Toy; to Josephine Preston Peabody, Richard Watson Gilder, Percy MacKaye, and Henry Miller, the actor. Whether through the editor's method of selection or because of Moody's constancy to his muse, there is scarcely a letter but touches on the business nearest its author's heart. After undergraduate days at Harvard, during which he supported himself by tutoring, after a year abroad also in the capacity of tutor, and two graduate years at Cambridge, Moody is seen as instructor at the University of Chicago. He chafes under the burden of theme-reading and other "literary drool," though it is said that he performed his labors conscientiously, and constantly looks forward to the respite of vacations when he can devote himself to "It"—the term which he gave to his highest aspirations. Humor saved him from overseriousness. As he writes: "April is only eighty-eight lectures, forty committee meetings, and several thousand themes away"; and, a little later, with a paraphrase of Wordsworth: "My heart leaps up when I behold a calendar on the sly." He is eager, he writes to Mrs. Toy,

> for the queer inimitable charm of Cambridge, for that atmosphere of mind at once so impersonal and so warm, for that neatness and decency of you children, who have been washed and dressed and sent to play on the front lawn of time by old auntie Ding-an-sich, while we hoodlums contend with the goat for tomato cans in the alley. I have a fair line of the same to lay before your eyes when I am admitted inside the aristocratic front gate; some of them will make a fine effect in a ring around your geranium bed.

If there was no mawkishness in Moody's attitude towards his life-work, he maintained to the end the high ideal of it with which he started. After he had done all the teaching that he could stand, "he refused the offer, from Chicago University, of the full salary of a professor for lectures during one quarter each year; a single quarter was too much. Of course, the price of such devotion was poverty." And later, when "The Great Divide" had brought him fame, he withstood the temptations of four publishers who offered sums ranging from twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars if he would consent to put the play into the form of a novel. "But it had always seemed to him, he said, that the turning of a play into a novel, or vice-versa, was a confounding of two essentially diverse types of art, and therefore a violation of a basic artistic principle, and he refused all the offers." Moody was essentially a poet, even when writing prose. Perhaps no extract from the letters could better illustrate his habitual attitude than the following:

> Yesterday I was skating on a patch of ice in the park, under a poverty-stricken sky flying a pitiful rag of sunset. Some little muckers were guying a slim, raw-boned Irish girl of fifteen, who circled and darted under their banter with complete unconcern. . . . We caught hands in midflight, and skated for an hour, almost alone and quite silent, while the rag of sunset rotted to pieces. I have had few sensations in life that I would exchange for the warmth of her hand through the ragged glove, and the pathetic curve of the half-formed breast where the back of my wrist touched her body. I came away mystically shaken and elate. It is thus the angels converse. She was something absolutely authentic, new, and inexpressible, something which only nature could mix for the heart's intoxication, a compound of ragamuffin, pal, mistress, nun, sister, harlequin, outcast, and bird of God—with something else bafflingly

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suffused, something ridiculous and frail and savage and tender.

In the introduction Mr. Mason furnishes some interesting instances of the great amount of labor which Moody expended in revising his poetical work.

French appreciation of Meredith was not of tardy development, when we consider the slow progress of his fame among the English. His capricious syntax did not prevent the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from presenting "Richard Feverel" and "Emilia in England" in the sixties, its translation of the latter bearing the now fixed title of "Sandra Belloni"; he had his critics and admirers before the studies by Schwob and Legras in the nineties; and since his death swarming exegetes have carried off their loads of grist much as across the channel. It is the chief value of Constantin Photiadès's rather missionary "George Meredith" (Scribner) that it summarizes the present state of French interest in the novelist, and tries to analyze his Gallic appeal. The author is frankly national in his point of view. It is as to a brother Celt that he does homage to Meredith, and as products of the fervidly intellectual Celtic temperament that he interprets his books. M. Photiadès's emphasis is upon Meredith's teaching. Indeed, as he does not cloak the fact that Meredith's following must always be small in France, it is interesting that he lays the slenderness of appeal, not to any specifically "foreign" or Anglo-Saxon trait, but to the strain of didactiveness. He emphasizes the pitiless war which the reason of the novelist waged against his fancy, and the satirical or sermonizing undercurrent which is evidenced in his interplay of irony and seriousness—an undercurrent disconcerting alike, in M. Photiadès's opinion, to English, German, and French. For Meredith's style he has little but uncritical praise. The opening of his novels, indeed, he characterizes as German, the incidents complacently insinuated, the sentences prolix, ceremonious, and encrusted with learned allusions; but for the rest the dialogue clinches, the style has a soberness and edge like Voltaire's and a rapid picturesqueness like Mérimée's, yet diversified at times by the effervescence of Michelet and "the passions and transports" of Saint Simon! Happily, in M. Photiadès's account of Meredith's didactic philosophy, he is, if still naïve, more critical. It is no elusive interpretation that he attempts; he makes each novel voice directly one or another of the attacks of the Comic Spirit upon multiform egoism, and its chastening of selfish materialism. He quotes a sentence from one of the letters: "Close knowledge of our fellows, discernment of the laws of existence, lead to great civilizations; I have supposed that the novel, exposing and illustrating the natural history of man, may help us to such gifts."

An engaging vignette of the invalid novelist at Flint Cottage in 1908 prefaces M. Photiadès's work. Venerable but energetic, Meredith is heard abusing the press as an invention of the devil perfected in America, praising Tennyson for "making our ugly monosyllabic language sing," recounting the circumstances under which Swinburne, intoxicated with reciting Fitzgerald's "Khayyám" to him, composed "Laus Veneris," and mingling with tirades against the abusive English public much general praise of the French. In these pages, as elsewhere, M. Photiadès evinces his propagandist impulse.

One of the interesting and important things to be done in the study of English literature, taking literature in its larger sense as an exposition of life, is a series of portraits of the great women of the seventeenth century, the women who, like the mother of George Herbert and the wife of Sir William Temple and the patron of Henry More, form the background, so to speak, of the deeper thought and imagination of the age. Rose M. Bradley's "English Housewife in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" (Longmans) does not proceed from quite so ambitious an intention as this, but it offers an excellent and in itself entertaining preparation for such a study. In a series of chapters, well documented and artfully arranged, she sets forth the home life of the women who managed the larger homes of the age. We see the work of the kitchen and the dining-room and the management of the multifarious employments of the servants. The order is historical and embraces very different conditions of life. But there is no confusion in this. Between the exhibition of the housewife in the seventeenth century and her of the eighteenth there intervenes a chapter dealing with the changes introduced by the influence of Holland, and we feel distinctly the progress of time. Withal the lessons of simplicity and magnanimity are not lost sight of, though they are never intruded harshly. Altogether it is a book to commend, both for its fulness of knowledge and its agreeableness of manner.

Harrison H. Brace's "The Value of Organized Speculation" (Houghton Mifflin) is a calm word of common-sense in an overstrained era. In our eagerness to recast everything in sight, we sometimes forget that existing conditions are almost always the product of deep-seated needs of the past. Strange as it may seem, the function of organized speculation has been to lessen chance. Speculation is a form of insurance against the general risks of business. Among these is the risk of fluctuations in prices due to changing conditions in different periods of time. The seven lean years would doubtless have been leaner but for Joseph's speculation in corn; by steadying the price he reduced human suffering. It is incontestable that the great expansion of organized speculation that followed the Civil War contributed powerfully to the development of our resources. Wall Street, indeed, has conferred benefits which, to a reasonable mind, should cover a multitude of sins. It has applied the power of steam to the sea and built our railways and created our banking institutions. In every instance progress would have been incalculably slower without its aid. The methods by which it has effected these and other important ends are not easily understood by those not in immediate touch with its activities. But though its technique may seem difficult, its commercial philosophy is identical with that of the rest of mankind. Mr. Brace affords us repeated instances of this fact. He shows us, for example, that there is no essential distinction between dealings in real-estate equities and "margin trading" in securities. Antedating the equity is a mortgage, or a "payment" down; antedating the Wall Street speculation is also a payment down, known as a "margin." The only difference is that margin transactions are the more numerous and the margin smaller. The cry against "futures" amounts to an invidious distinction. The propriety of deferred deliveries is not questioned in general business. A builder, for example, agrees to deliver a building within a specified time, though he may have none of the materials, machinery, or labor at hand when the contract is made. The principle is identical with that which governs the trading in futures.

Mr. Brace is, indeed, a courageous man. He makes what many have come to regard as the worse part appear the better part, and he accomplishes this by keen analysis, by the exercise of shrewd commonsense. He is prepared to admit that there are grave evils connected with organized speculation as it exists to-day, but he maintains that the members of our exchanges are not demons, and that their sentiments are as altruistic as any. If we look beyond the present repulsive aspect of speculative exchanges and disregard the noisy, shouting crowd of greedy money-grabbers, the whole process may appear in a different light. That which is repulsive is seen as merely the outward form of an important factor in commerce as yet undeveloped. The exchange idea, in short, is seen as the crowning one in a world of possible economic harmonies.

Samuel P. Orth's "Socialism and Democracy in Europe" (Holt) is not a work for advanced students. Those persons, however, who from want of time or from lack of mental discipline feel impelled to acquire knowledge in predigested form will find this a useful book. One does not here get a glimpse of the profundities and subtleties of the economics of Socialism. We obtain no inkling, for example, of the argument by which Marx attempts to sustain his theory of "Surplus Value," though some space is devoted to a recapitulation of "Capital." We are merely told that, according to Marx, "surplus value" is a species of robbery, with a word to the effect that Menger has completely refuted Marx. Yet if we accept Mr. Orth as an annalist pure and simple, we feel that he is entitled to our gratitude. He has selected his facts with excellent judgment and presented them graphically. The theories of the Utopians, of the doctrinaires of the revolutionary era, which began about 1830, and of the modernists, of whom Karl Marx was the father, are all outlined here. We can see almost at a glance what was desired, even if we are left in ignorance of the mental processes of those who have kept up the warfare for Socialism. The author has his own comments, but they are for the most part confined to summing up the results of a century of agitation, parliamentary debate, and economic transformation. Thus he tells us that the Socialist movement has accomplished three notable things: it has spread democracy, forced the labor question upon the lawmakers, and increased the functions of the state. These are, of course, inevitable conclusions—no one acquainted in the slightest degree with the history of the Socialistic movement

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could ignore them. Yet despite a certain lack of originality, it would be hard to mention a better fact book of Socialism for busy persons.

"The Freshman and His College" (Heath), by Francis Cummins Lockwood, attempts to supply students entering college with the counsel and direction necessary to prevent waste of time and opportunity during the first year of college. The author confesses frankly that he was himself "a good-for-nothing freshman" and that he "ignorantly and idly wasted" the year. He declares that the reason was his ignorance of the meaning of a college course. The larger part of the volume is composed of essays and addresses by leading educators on the function of higher education and the spirit which should actuate one in the pursuit of it. These include ex-President Eliot's "New Definition of the Cultivated Man," President Jordan's chapter on "Recent Tendencies in College Education," the notable address of the late John Butler Johnson on "Two Kinds of Education for Engineers," portions of the inaugural addresses of Presidents Hibben and Meiklejohn, and Cardinal Newman's classic, "Description of a Gentleman." Professor Lockwood's contributions to the volume include brief sections on "Freshman Difficulties and Dangers," "Devotion to Boyhood Ideals," and "The Good Drudge Habit." As a whole, the book is marked by wholesome frankness and candor, constraining appeal to manly instinct, and good sense stated in a plain, honest fashion. It furnishes in brief compass some of the best recent utterances on college ideals and student temptations. Few college freshmen would be indifferent to its appeals, and its use as a part of the customary course in freshman English might prevent many of the fatalities in our freshman classes, which are so distressing to all thoughtful observers of the tendencies in American colleges. Now that courses in practical ethics are no longer found in our curricula, college authorities owe to their students some such presentation of practical college problems as Professor Lockwood has furnished.

The last thirty years of American and New York politics are reviewed in John L. Heaton's "The Story of a Page" (Harper). The author is an editorial writer on the New York *World*, and his story is of his newspaper's editorial policy from 1883, when Joseph Pulitzer obtained control. Although Mr. Heaton is inclined to give his paper the main part of the credit for events to which numerous influences contributed, he is fair enough to admit a mistake in attitude now and then. One such was the *World's* sensational treatment of the Homestead strike, in reference to which it took a position very much like opposition to law and order. A few cablegrams from Mr. Pulitzer, who was ill in Paris, set it right. The *World* fell foul of the Government when, in the closing weeks of 1895, it published dispatches from prominent Englishmen deprecating the spirit of war that had been aroused by Cleveland's Venezuelan message. Secretary Olney brandished a statute of 1799 over its head, but did nothing more. The attempt of President Roosevelt to prosecute it for utterances regarding the $40,000,000 paid the French Panama Canal Company for its rights is still fresh in the public mind. The *World* has long fought for an income and inheritance tax, a tariff for revenue, and the extension of the merit system. The record of its editorial page is one of virile independence, expressed in pungent English.

In "Inscriptions from Swiss Chalets" (Oxford University Press), Walter Larden has found a capital subject for antiquarian investigation. The little volume is novel and delightful reading for the kind of person who favors rustic epitaphs. The mottoes, mainly in verse, have been most painstakingly read with the opera glass, and since the odd lettering, often very beautiful, defies the resources of the modern typographer's case, there are many photographs of the original inscriptions. Apparently the builders, quite as often as the owners, chose the sentiments. The earliest examples go back to the sixteenth century; the eighteenth supplies the great mass of texts. Builders' apologies are common, the following being a stock example from a chalet of 1618:

ES.IST.KEIN.MENTSCH.VF.DISER.WELD.
DER.BVWEN.KAN.DAS.IEDERMAN.GEFELT.
GEFELT.ES.DOCH.NIT.IEDERMAN.
SO.HAN.ICH.DOCH.MIN.BEST.GETAN.

The sentiment that here we have no abiding habitation is often piously expressed, as in this verse from a carpenter's plane dated 1704. Tradition links the Emperor Maximilian's name with this posy.

Ich läb', und wis nit wie lang;
Ich stärb, und wis nit wan;
Ich fare dahin, und wis nit wohin;
Mich wundert, dass ich so fröhlich bin.

Among the many aphoristic verses one of the prettiest is found in a house of 1799 near Kandersteg:

Hier in diessem Wilden Thal,
Wo der Schnee mit Hauffen felt,
Wächset doch das beste Grase
Das man findet von der Welt.

The label "Made in Germany" need not be confined to general merchandise, for Frederic C. Howe, in "European Cities at Work" (Scribner), lets us know that it can with equal propriety be made to refer to the model city. He knows of no cities in the modern world which compare with those which have arisen in the Fatherland during the past twenty years. There is none in Great Britain, he declares; and there is none in France, where there has been little progress in city building since the days of Baron Haussmann. He pictures Cologne, Düsseldorf, and Frankfort in contrast with Cleveland, Detroit, and Pittsburgh, and we hang our head. The German city treats the land on which it is built as an architect treats the site of a structure. It treats it as a unit, with plumbing, circulation, breathing-spots, and centres for the various activities of the community. It dreams of beauty, like the Romans of the age of the Antonines, and the Mediæval cities of Italy, France, Germany, and the Netherlands. Its thought is not merely of line and color, but also of comfort and convenience and the mental and moral upbuilding of its people. Though Great Britain has much to learn from Germany, it still has much to teach America. It is a trifle discouraging to have our attention called to the fact that the European city is far from democratic, that officials consult the voters but little, and that they manage the city in a rather autocratic fashion. That is not our way of doing things. Yet we are not without hope. Mr. Howe concedes that our system of local taxation is more just than that of any other country. Our schools are superior to those of most countries, and are comparable to those of any. Our parks and playgrounds and libraries and fire departments attract the attention of foreigners. And Mr. Howe thinks that we are forming new ideals and developing a city sense. Nevertheless, from his own showing, there remains a distressing amount to be done. One of the best ways to get us about it is to multiply such descriptions as he has given us. If we once acquire the zeal of the German cities, it will not be impossible to acquire the knowledge.

The return of Gen. Castro to Venezuela and the ensuing revolution have necessitated the absence from Caracas of President Gomez, who has felt it advisable to take personal command of the army. This has caused the promotion of the Vice-President, Dr. José Gil Fortoul, to the position of Provisional President of the republic. Dr. Gil Fortoul, who was for many years connected with Venezuelan diplomatic missions in Europe, is one of the ablest and most distinguished authors which any South American republic has produced. The two volumes of his "Historia Constitucional de Venezuela," which were published in Berlin in 1907 and 1909, are remarkable not only for the simplicity of their style, but also for the evidences of the influence of German scholarship on their author. To find a Latin-American author writing the history of his country in a modest and dignified fashion, basing his results on extensive researches instead of vivid imagination is not an every-day occurrence. Previous to the publishing of this important work he had to his credit nearly a dozen volumes of literature and philosophy. His judgments of men are remarkably fair and unprejudiced, possibly another result of his long absence from Venezuela and his freedom from the unfortunate political disputes whose rancor and virulence have left their mark on so many South American minds. Avowedly more fond of fox-hunting than of diplomacy, able to write not only solid constitutional history, but also fanciful literary sketches, interesting travel notes, and thoughtful essays on political philosophy, Dr. Gil Fortoul brings to the important post which he holds as President of the Council of Ministers and Provisional President of Venezuela a personality of unusual charm and power. Venezuela is to be congratulated on her good sense in taking advantage of the services of one of her most distinguished citizens.

We record with regret the death of William Garrott Brown, who died of tuberculosis on Sunday at New Canaan, Conn. He was a man of rare mental quality; he had achieved much, and shown promise of more when disease struck him down. One of the foremost Southern writers on historical topics, he will be deeply mourned. Mr. Brown was born at Marion, Ala., in 1868, graduated from Howard College in 1886, and received from Harvard in 1891 and 1892, respectively, the degrees of A.B. and A.M. From 1893 to 1901 he was assistant librarian at Harvard, and during the following year lectured there on American history. He had been president of the Harvard Democratic Club, in

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1896 he joined the sound money movement, and was a member of the State Committee of Massachusetts. In addition to his contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Nation*, and other periodicals, he was the author of "Official Guide to Harvard University," "A History of Alabama," "Andrew Jackson," "Stephen Arnold Douglas, "The Lower South in American History," "Golf," "A Gentleman of the South," "The Foe of Compromise and Other Essays," and "Life of Oliver Ellsworth." Since 1908 he had been on the editorial staff of *Harper's Weekly*.

Mrs. Mary Bradford Crowninshield, widow of Rear-Admiral Arent Schuyler Crowninshield, and a writer of fiction, died last week in a private sanitarium in Melrose, Mass., a suburb of Boston. She was a daughter of Judge John Melancthon Bradford and a descendant of Gov. William Bradford of Plymouth Colony. Mrs. Crowninshield's first published book was "Latitude 19°," which met with a considerable success. She also wrote "Where the Trade Wind Blows," "All Among the Lighthouses," "Plucky Squalls," "San Isidro," "The Archbishop and the Lady."

Science

An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions, from Newfoundland to the Parallel of the Southern Boundary of Virginia, and from the Atlantic Ocean Westward to the 102d Meridian. By Nathaniel L. Britton and Addison Brown. Second edition; revised and enlarged. In three volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $13.50 net.

The preparation of any illustrated flora requires great courage. It is sometimes well-nigh impossible to obtain trustworthy representative material for the artists, and even at the hands of skilled artists it is not easy to procure uniformity in the drawings. When the geographical range covered by the flora is very wide, these difficulties become enormously increased. For instance, in the case of the treatise now before us, in which more than four thousand species are illustrated and described for purposes of ready identification, the task which confronted the authors must have seemed appalling. Nevertheless, the authors of the work planned the treatise with good courage on generous lines, both as regards the illustrations and the typographical presentation of the descriptive text. The fact that the volumes have now reached their second edition is proof that the confidence of the authors in the purchasing public was not misplaced.

In the introduction, it is stated that the enterprise was projected by Judge Brown, and maintained and supervised by him throughout. The present revision is understood to have been completed just before his death in April of this year. Judge Brown was for about twenty years Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York State, and during this term of service is said to have rendered written decisions in more than 2,000 cases. His chief recreative avocation was botany. He was widely conversant with modern methods of classification, and early became desirous of having some one prepare a descriptive flora of the Northern Atlantic States, upon an evolutionary basis. In the person of Professor Britton, of Columbia, he found an energetic enthusiast who was not averse to breaking with tradition, and to him was committed the task of writing the descriptive text and arranging for illustrations. The ample collections of American plants at Columbia, largely brought together by Professor Torrey, supplied much of the needed material, and this was supplemented by the minor collections made by a host of zealous botanists and correspondents. Professor Britton adopted a system of nomenclature which did not meet with general approval, on account of its revolutionary character, and which is not likely to be accepted in many of its details; but the possible confusions resulting therefrom are greatly diminished by an impartial presentation of synonyms. The arduous task was completed in a surprisingly short time. The three volumes of the work were published in 1896 to 1898 in an edition of six thousand which was soon exhausted. A second edition was immediately in course of preparation. About 300 pages have been added, and a careful revision has been given to the whole work.

Judge Brown had long been especially interested in the trivial or common names of plants, and had become a leading authority in regard to them. In the first edition, the results of his labors in this field were brought by him into the form of a comprehensive index which was not particularly convenient for reference. In the present edition, on the other hand, the popular names have been carried into their rightful places in the descriptive text. In many French treatises on botany, the popular names are for the sake of clearness set in greater prominence than the Latin names. The change of place of the popular names in the present edition must be regarded as a great improvement.

In the case of our native plants which have no part in American folklore, it is not always easy to suggest an acceptable name for popular use. In many instances it is necessary to employ the scientific generic name as a popular designation, to which is prefixed some adjective, as salt-meadow diplachne, powdery thalia, Virginia hexastylis, and the like. Of course, in supplying every species with a trivial name, there must be some cases in which a smile is excited by the clumsiness, but, on the whole, this part of an ungracious and difficult study has been ingeniously managed.

Our early American floras were arranged on the Linnæan system of classification. The number and relations of the stamens and pistils were made a basis of order. Such an arrangement is good for ready reference, but except in a few instances it conceals the true affinities of the species. The Linnæan method is so very simple that it is still retained as a subsidiary system in some of the smaller foreign floras. After the Linnæan classification there came into use in our country the so-called Natural System of classification, in which a more or less successful attempt was made to present the affinities of supposedly related species.

The manuals and class-books based on the Natural System were found rather more difficult to use in the recognition of species, than the Linnæan textbooks, and many devices in the form of artificial keys were employed. Here and there a few plates or drawings were introduced as helps, but in those days wood engravings and lithographs were costly, and hence these aids were sparingly used.

For some years before the advent of Darwinism it had become apparent that the Natural System, as it was then presented, did not fully express the existing relationships, and after the leaven of Darwinism had fairly begun to work, it became obvious that extensive modifications would have to be made in the ordinal sequence. In the new systems based on evolution (and there were not a few of them, agreeing in a general way, but with many points of divergence), it was found best to present first the groups which were simplest in structure, and proceed from these simple forms to those which were more complex. Of course, in the study of such a family tree, there is likely to be wide difference of opinion as to certain minor points in the pedigree, and there can be no absolute agreement until all the facts are known in regard to every species. In the present work, the sequence of natural families has been exceedingly well ordered and runs from the lower to the higher in a safe and conservative manner. The whole treatise is valuable for botanists and for amateurs. It is a library work, not designed for field reference, but for consultation after the collector has returned to his home. In general it will lead to easy identification of a vast range of species, more, in fact, than 4,000, and it is applicable to employment over a wide extent of territory. The success of this work must have been a source of deep gratification to the original projector, Judge Addison Brown, and will be an additional stimulus to the surviving author.

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The typographical execution of the work leaves absolutely nothing to be desired.

Drama

THE SOCIAL DRAMAS OF GERHART HAUPTMANN.

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. Volumes I and II: Social Dramas. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net, each.

Gerhart Hauptmann, in spite of the success of his "Sunken Bell," cannot be said as yet to have conquered the English stage. The translation of all his dramatic works, with the exception of "Florian Geyer," which is now under way, is not so much a proof as a test of his international celebrity. The two volumes before us, comprising his social dramas, afford an opportunity for inquiring to what extent the problems with which Hauptmann's muse is chiefly concerned appeal to non-German taste.

The seven plays depict conditions and characters nothing quite analogous to which can be found outside of Hauptmann's fatherland. Like other masters of the naturalistic school, Hauptmann looks into the soul of his fellow-men and sees misery written large. Vice, it is true, is international, but he gives it an eminently German setting. The curse of alcoholism, the penalty of ill-regulated sexual passion, the tyranny of capital, the degradation of pauper labor, the temptations of an ignorant peasantry, the cunning of the criminal classes—these are the themes of which Hauptmann's social dramas treat. Collectively, they illustrate that phase of his literary activity which, in the opinion of his admirers, marks him as the greatest living exponent of realism on the contemporary stage.

It is characteristic of Hauptmann's restless versatility that his intellectual output, viewed in chronological order, shows no progressive development, no well-defined artistic or æsthetic aim, no consistent, philosophical, and ethical tendency. Romanticist to-day, he is realist to-morrow. The lyric beauty of the "Versunkene Glocke" and the touching symbolism of "Hanneles Himmelfahrt" present the greatest possible contrast to the grossness of most of his social dramas. He began as a full-fledged disciple of Tolstoy and Zola in his play, "Vor Sonnenaufgang" ("Before Dawn"), in which, to speak with one of Hauptmann's fervent though not wholly uncritical admirers, Paul Schlenther, "man is approaching the natural state of the beast." In this drama, so Schlenther asserts, Hauptmann did for the lowest strata of the German peasantry what Feuillet, Augier, and Dumas had done for the French *salon*. And Hebbel, Otto Ludwig, and Anzengruber, according to Schlenther, found a successor in Hauptmann, who, without being influenced by them, understood like them the passions and the speech of the plain people. Another critic, Arno Holz, himself a prominent representative of the naturalistic school, speaks of the play as "the best drama ever written in the German language."

Certainly no other dramatic genius ever burst upon the world with so dismal a tale. One single sympathetic figure emerges from the besotted and bestial population of one of those Silesian villages Hauptmann loves to portray—a pure, strong-willed maiden, whom a weak apostle of temperance and race eugenics for a moment thinks of marrying, but who is left, disillusioned, to commit suicide. German psychologists think it worth while to discuss minutely the scientific verisimilitude of the mental and moral ruin wrought by alcohol in the Krause family. Prof. Wilhelm Weygandt, a noted alienist, places Hauptmann above Ibsen in the accuracy of his description of the curse of inherited dipsomania, although he speaks of the play as one of abject despair, "the like of which is scarcely to be found in the bloodiest tragedies of all literature."

Hauptmann has, fortunately, in some of his later works not fully borne out his early promise. There is genuine dramatic power, deep human sympathy, and much technical skill in "Die Weber" ("The Weavers"), but with all this, his ruthless disclosure of the condition of the wretched Silesian paupers in the forties fails to interest English audiences of a later day. The play has neither hero nor heroine. Whatever moral force may lie in Spielhagen's exclamation: "You look for its hero: I have it! The hero is misery," dramatically the plea is weak. In Germany interest in the play is kept alive by its bearing on the political and social problems of the day.

"Rose Bernd," a drama of far greater artistic merit than either "Vor Sonnenaufgang" or "Die Weber," has met with less success on the German stage. In Vienna it was withdrawn from the Burgtheater after the fifth performance, in the interest of public morality, as interpreted, so it was said, by the highest circles. Yet "Rose Bernd" proclaims no dangerous social gospel, and the immorality of the play, though flagrant, is relieved by a remarkably well-drawn character, that of the wronged wife, who holds out her sympathy and aid to the girl whom her husband has betrayed, and whose end is despair and child-murder. The play has poetic touches, and the plot is ingenious, but its details are revolting to the last degree.

Theatrically, "Fuhrmann Henschel" ("Drayman Henschel") has scored a greater success than any other of Hauptmann's plays. There are few more "taking" rôles than that of the kindly, taciturn dreamer Henschel, who, having violated a promise to his dying wife, is driven by the brutality of her successor and by remorse and fear of ghosts to fury and self-murder. Much has been made by German critics of Hauptmann's observance of the so-called Aristotelian unities in "Fuhrmann Henschel," and the play is unquestionably better constructed than any other of his social dramas, but glorification of Hauptmann as the restorer of the classic *fatum* to its rightful place on the stage comes with ill grace from those who still speak of Grillparzer as the "Schicksalstragiker."

From a purely æsthetic point of view, Hauptmann's plays in a lighter vein are open to even greater objection than his serious social dramas. Three of his comedies are included in Mr. Lewisohn's two volumes—"Der Biberpelz" ("The Beaver Coat"), its continuation, "Der rote Hahn" ("The Conflagration"), and "Die Ratten" ("The Rats"). The "Biberpelz" has been styled by Hauptmann "eine Diebskomödie"—a comedy of thievery. He might more characteristically have called it "a comedy of German police stupidity," for its only value lies in the delineation—clumsy as it must seem to foreign audiences—of an overbearing police official utterly helpless in the presence of perplexities of the most puerile kind. It is absurd to compare, as has been done, Hauptmann's play with Kleist's "Der zerbrochene Krug." There is neither wit, sprightliness, nor beauty of language in "Der Biberpelz." All is coarse and wooden, and the heroine, an intensely vulgar, petty thief, cannot possibly engross the attention of a foreign audience with sufficient taste to discriminate between what is dramatically permissible and what is forbidden. "Stealing," says Schiller, in his essay on "The Use of the Vulgar and Low in Art" ("Gedanken über den Gebrauch des Gemeinen und Niedrigen in der Kunst"), "is something absolutely low, and whatever our hearts may plead in extenuation of the action of a thief, . . . æsthetically he remains low. . . . A person who steals is a most degrading object for any serious poetic representation."

In "Der rote Hahn" the heroine degenerates from a thief into an incendiary, and with it degenerates the plot of the comedy. Tiresome repetition takes the place of psychological development, and the play is dull and profitless. What there was of humor in the first part becomes stale in the second; the new episodic characters come and go without relation to the plot, and the German public which tolerates the "Biberpelz" for the scope which it

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gives to good acting—"Mediocre plays," says Lessing, "are always acted best"—refuses to accept "Der rote Hahn" on any terms.

"Die Ratten" is reminiscent of the time when Hauptmann thought of preparing for the stage. Admirers of the play find something to admire in the figure of Hassenreuter, the ranting barnstormer and ex-manager, whose attic is stuffed with theatrical rubbish, both inanimate and living, and about whom group themselves, in confused relation, some of the most abandoned characters which the scum of a large city can furnish. A mother's struggle for the possession of her newly born illegitimate child, adopted by a woman anxious to palm it off as her own, constitutes the tragic element of the story, which, false in its pathos and forced in its humor, utterly fails to give reality to the "realism" of Berlin low life.

It was, indeed, a difficult task which lay before the English translator of these social plays. They were all written in dialect, mainly the Silesian, which is not always easy reading even for Germans, and in all of them great stress is laid on local color and flavor. Conscientious and intelligent as the work of Professor Lewisohn and his collaborator has, on the whole, been (Miss Mary Morison is responsible for the translation of "Die Weber"), the result was bound to be lifeless. No English reader will rise from the perusal of these plays with the consciousness of having been in the presence of a great dramatic genius, or the feeling that he has enjoyed a rare literary treat. Whatever of raciness there is in the original speech of the Silesian weavers would have been inevitably lost in any translation, but Professor Lewisohn at the outset made it impossible for himself to render Hauptmann's idioms into adequate English. He decided, as he tells us, "to invent a dialect near enough to the English of the common people to convince the reader or spectator, yet not so near to the usage of any class or locality as to interpose between him and Hauptmann's characters an Irish or a Cockney, a Southern or a New England, atmosphere."

Now, the invention of a dialect is a dangerous business and beyond the power of any man. It is difficult enough to render accurately in writing any existing dialect of one's mother tongue. Strictly speaking, Mr. Lewisohn has "invented" very little, but he has adopted from the illiterate talk of both Northerners and Southerners (including negroes), and from the current slang of the hour, whatever has seemed to him to be an approximate equivalent of the original.

All such blemishes upon a generally accurate translation appear insignificant in comparison with the lack of critical perspective shown by Mr. Lewisohn in his Introduction to the plays. There we are told that beside the speech of Hauptmann's characters "all other dramatic speech, that of Ibsen, of Tolstoy in 'The Power of Darkness,' or of Pinero, seems conscious and inhuman." What may be considered a defect in other dramatists becomes, in Mr. Lewisohn's eyes, a positive virtue, if applied to Hauptmann. "He shapes his material as little as possible." His fables "are simple and devoid of plot." And "it goes without saying that he rejects the monologue," though one cannot help thinking of Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" and remembers Diderot's question: "Why do certain monologues produce so great an effect?" Hauptmann's character drawing, so Mr. Lewisohn finds, has nothing in common with "the set phrases of Dickens"; he relies on "the high moral expressiveness of common things." And with praise for Hauptmann's negative merits is mingled unbounded admiration for his positive achievements. The blank verse of "Die versunkene Glocke" is "the best in the German drama." The public of the German theatres and some of the sanest critical judgment of Germany may have objected to the dramatization, with revolting details, of Hartmann von Aue's leper-legend of "Der arme Heinrich"; Mr. Lewisohn entertains "little doubt but that this play will ultimately rank as the most satisfying drama of its time."

In the surrender of the critical functions Mr. Lewisohn but reflects the attitude of many of the German worshippers of Hauptmann. They refuse to see in him a disciple or imitator of Ibsen and rate the vaporings of a Hassenreuter in "The Rats" more highly than they do the aspirations of a Rosmer in "Rosmersholm." Hauptmann is the fashion in the Germany of to-day, and as the recipient of a Nobel prize he is talked and written about in other countries; but with all his great talent and the excellence of some of his work, he has not touched the universal heart nor satisfied the thought of those who look beyond the fancies of the day—"le souffle vague d'une popularité trompeuse." The future is yet to speak, and the voice of the great past is still heard. Throngs may now attend the performances of "Vor Sonnenaufgang" and "Der Biberpelz," but the German people does not recite Hauptmann as it does Schiller and Goethe, or Heine and Uhland. Nor has Hauptmann enriched world-literature by one passage, one line, or one phrase. He is undeniably a force in a period of singular literary and social unrest; but he is not its poet; not even its eloquent spokesman. Above all, he has not given to the world beauty and wisdom, as have the masters whom all time reveres. He does not possess that quality which, as Sainte-Beuve says, we have the right to demand of every powerful talent: gentle moderation—"cette qualité que je demande toujours aux talents énergiques de mêler à leur force." Nor can we expect of the Hauptmann of the future what, with all his gifts, he has failed to produce in the past. Nearly all great poets have had their period of immaturity and turbulence, but genius steadily ripens towards perfection. Hauptmann has given us, years after the lyric charm of "Die versunkene Glocke," the ghastly modernism of "Gabriel Schillings Flucht" and the cheap flippancy of "Atlantis," which, but for its striking, though fortuitous, forecast of an ocean catastrophe, would rise in no way above the ephemeral novels of the day. The world of serious thought and immutable good taste has not yet learned to adjust itself to the new order of things which sees in the violence of naturalism the prophecy of the future. "We cannot yet afford," says Emerson, "to drop Homer, nor Æschylus, nor Plato, nor Aristotle, nor Archimedes."

Forbes-Robertson is devoting the whole of this week to an elaborate revival of Bernard Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," of which he produced a condensed version here eight years ago. Now he gives the whole play, without much profit to the entertainment by the restoration of the hitherto suppressed parts. Dramatically the piece is lacking in action, cohesion, credibility, and suspense, while historically it is fantastic. Essentially it is extravaganza of a very superior order. The satirically witty text, with its characteristically Shavian shafts directed against all sorts of British prejudices and conventions in the social, artistic, religious, and military worlds, is as fresh as ever, and, of course, in many instances, as disingenuous. The delight of the audience was manifested in continuous ripples of laughter. Forbes-Robertson's Cæsar is now an admirably finished impersonation and an almost perfect illustration of the manner in which the best burlesque should be played, that is, with absolute sincerity. Without losing any of the humor of a grotesque misrepresentation, he, by sheer acting power, gives the character consistency, vitality, and dignity. His masterly elocution, of course, gives the fullest effect to all the varied excellences of the lines. Miss Elliott's Cleopatra is not remarkable except for its physical charm, and the general support, though adequate, is not brilliant.

"The Great Adventure," a stage adaptation by Arnold Bennett of his story "Buried Alive," with which Winthrop Ames has opened his new Booth Theatre, is a badly made play. The construction, which is loose and roughly jointed, betrays the awkwardness and inexperience of the amateur, but the central idea is fresh and ingenious, the characterization is deft and animated, while the dialogue is lively and well charged with satirical humor. As the piece is described on the programme as fanciful, the incidents need not be judged by too precise a standard of reason. Manifestly the bare proposition that, in any circumstances, a painter of great fame and

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genius—however shy, nervous, and irresponsible—would, or could, knowingly permit his dead valet to be identified as himself and be buried in his stead in Westminister Abbey, being content to take the valet's place as husband of the pretty, shrewd, but illiterate widow who responded to the dead man's matrimonial advertisement, is extravagantly preposterous. And there are other premises equally inadmissible. Mr. Bennett's object, apparently, was to contrast the vagaries of undisciplined genius with the more substantial virtues of a warm heart and a hard head, and this he has done in amusing fashion. But the chief merit of the piece resides in the vivacious satire directed against all kinds of British conventions and social hypocrisies. Some of this is somewhat trite, but most of it is smart and humorously effective. The ignorance of journalistic critics, Philistinism in art, social influence in the manufacture of fictitious reputations, clerical advertisement and insincerity, rapturous feminine gush, vulgar sensationalism, the rapacity of a certain class of picture dealers, the gullibility of some self-constituted connoisseurs, and the liberal bestowal upon the undeserving dead of praise denied to the worthy living, are among the topics of spirited ridicule. In almost every way the literary outshines the dramatic quality of the piece, which, however, is by no means devoid of interesting situations. The general representation is excellent, especially in the case of the subordinate actors, but Lyn Harding, clever actor as he is, scarcely does full justice to the very difficult part of the leading character. The superficial side of him, the intense nervousness, utter impracticability, and restless excitability, combined with a complete lack of self-dependence, he interprets with notable technical skill, but he fails to give any prominence to the finer underlying intellectual and emotional attributes essential to the presumption of genius and necessary to the creation of sympathy. So purely whimsical a person as he pictures would not be likely to win the whole-souled devotion of so level-headed a heroine.

Music

Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics. Seventh Series. $1.60.

The seventh series of Papers and Proceedings of the Music Teachers' National Association, issued under the general head of Studies in Musical Education, History, and Æsthetics, is no less valuable than its predecessors. While some of the proceedings recorded are of interest only to members of the Association, most of the papers appeal to all who use their brains in teaching or practicing the musical art, as distinguished from those to whom "the sensuous factor in music is the sole one," to cite the words used by the president of the Association, James M. Taylor, in his address of welcome, in which, among other things, he expressed regret that our colleges do not yet "rank the training of piano practice beside that of laboratories of physics and chemistry."

"Physics and Music" is the subject of an interesting paper in this volume by Prof. Edna Carter, of Vassar College. After speaking of the work of Helmholtz, whose acoustic doctrines have stood the test of time remarkably well, and of the lessons taught by the gramophone and the photographic records of modes of vibration, she describes in detail some important work undertaken by D. C. Miller, professor of physics in the Case School of Applied Science in Cleveland. The question he set to work to answer was: "Is the tone quality of a flute the tube of which is made of gold superior to that of a flute having a tube of silver or wood? If there is a difference, what is its cause?" He first thought to spend a few months on the problem, then decided it would take a few years; and now he plans to devote his whole life to it, if necessary, although he has already reached the conviction that the gold flute is best. Incidentally, the lecturer made a statement to which the attention of Oscar Hammerstein and other builders of new theatres or concert halls should be called: "Professor Sabine, of Harvard, has solved for us the important problem of architectural acoustics, and in future there will be no excuse for the construction of an auditorium of any sort whose acoustics are unsuited to its needs."

If there be any educators who still doubt the utility of automatic musical instruments, they would do well to read the paper on "The Regeneration of Philistia" by Prof. Leo R. Lewis, of Tufts College. In that college, as he points out, such instruments have been in use since 1899; there are now four, with nearly a thousand rolls. With a little preliminary guidance the students soon play, comprehend, and enjoy the scores of the great masters. Professor Lewis is convinced that if teachers prescribed a few hours' work each week with automatic players they would soon be "astounded at the advances made in real musicianship." Another way of making students acquainted with masterworks is suggested by Edward W. Bergé, who calls attention to effective arrangements of difficult and complicated pieces for two pianos, with two or four players.

Parents who mortgage farms to enable their daughters to study music in the large cities would do well to read Mrs. Caroline Gardner Bartlett's paper on "The Singer and His Environment," in which she points out the many pitfalls prepared for such girls by unscrupulous teachers. Of the other papers in this book the one which makes perhaps the widest appeal is by Prof. Leonard B. McWhood, who suggests, as a remedy for the raucousness of the average college yell, the substitution of a college call having musical value:

A friend recently said that he could think of nothing more inspiring than the shouting by 20,000 voices, at a football game, of the heavy "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of Harvard, or the sharp "Rah! Rah! Rah!" of Yale. The writer's reply was: "Imagine 20,000 Harvard or Yale men, under the same circumstances, singing out their university ideals in a musical call whose dignity and value should equal that of the Wagnerian motive of Siegfried, Guardian of the Sword!"

Other topics discussed in this volume (copies of which may be obtained of Waldo S. Pratt, Hartford, Conn.) are Church Music and the Gregorian System, Modern English Organ Playing and Composition, The Teacher and his Material, The History of Musical Degrees, The Possibilities of Thematic Indexing.

"The coming season will prove the richest in novelties and revivals of any at the Metropolitan since the beginning of my directorate," said Mr. Gatti-Casazza the other day. The opening week will witness a revival of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Caruso, Amato, Destinn, Matzenauer, Hempel. In the third week Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" will be staged, with Hempel, Case, Ober, Goritz. For Christmas week the novelty will be Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei tre re," with Bori, Amato, Didur. "Carmen," with Farrar, Bori, and Caruso, is booked for the first half of January, and the same month will see the première of Victor Herbert's new opera, "Madeleine," with Alda, Sparkes, Althouse, Scotti. Charpentier's "Julien" will be given before the end of February, the cast including Farrar, Caruso, and Gilly. Wolf-Ferrari's new opera, "L'Amore Medico," will be heard in March. Verdi's "Falstaff" will be the season's last novelty. A brilliant opening of the season is assured by "Manon," with Farrar, Caruso, Gilly, Rothier, and De Segurola.

Heretofore New York has been far behind Berlin in the opportunities to hear the best music performed in the best possible manner at specially low rates. From this point of view great interest attaches to two announcements just made by the New York Philharmonic, which is equal in make-up to any orchestra in Berlin, or any other city, abroad or at home. During the present season the Philharmonic will affiliate with the Wage Earners' League in three monster concerts at Madison Square Garden. These concerts will be given with an increased orchestra and celebrated artists as assisting soloists, and they are intended to further the educational policy of the Philharmonic Society by placing the highest class of music within reach of wage earners of limited means. The prices of admission will be so small that only the enormous seating capacity of New York's great amphitheatre makes the scheme a possibility.

In further pursuance of its educational policy, the Philharmonic Society announces that this season, at its regular Thursday evening and Friday afternoon concerts 250 seats will be available to music students and pupils at 25 cents each.

The attempt to produce "Pelléas et Méli-

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sande" and the "Rosenkavalier" in English has not proved a success in the English provinces. "Half-filled houses" have greeted Mr. Denhof and his company at Birmingham and elsewhere. He has an expensive orchestra, and he charges $3 to $5 for the best seats, which helps to explain the situation.

Edyth Walker, who, some years ago, won deserved popularity at the Metropolitan Opera House, and then left her native country to sing in German opera houses, where she soon was rated in the front rank of dramatic vocalists, has lately been winning fresh laurels in England. Of her singing of a scene from "Oberon" the London *Times* said: "The splendid quality of her voice, the breadth of her phrasing, and her dramatic intensity made her performance one of the most striking features of the whole day's work."

Art

SPANISH MASTERS.

LONDON, October 11.

An interesting exhibition of Spanish old masters has just been opened at the Grafton Gallery, and is to remain open for three or four months. Its object is the support of the National Art-Collections Fund in England and the Sociedad de Amigos del Arte Española in Spain. Its reason, according to the Historical Introduction to the Catalogue, is that the time is ripe for such an exhibition. To those who are not responsible for the show, this reason is not so obvious. There was a fine exhibition of Spanish masters at the New Gallery in 1895-96, and again at the Guildhall in 1901; the Royal Academy has given much space in its winter exhibitions to the Spanish pictures owned in England. But maybe it is not so much the British public that has been taken into consideration—not so much the British public for whom the time is ripe—as the little group of experts and critics who see in these historic exhibitions a splendid field for their Battle of Attributions, and the little group of private dealers who have no objection to making use of them if the opportunity offers. However, it does not so much matter what the reason is or may be, when the result is of such value to the few with a genuine love for art. It would have had greater value had more care been shown in the selection, and had perhaps one-half the number of pictures now on the walls been hung. But the inferior work can be forgiven and passed by because of the masterpieces.

The care seems to have been rather to make the show as official and socially correct as possible. The King of Spain is the patron. The list of the committee bristles with distinguished names, both English and Spanish. Mr. Herbert Cook is the chief organizer of the exhibition; Mr. Maurice W. Brockwell has prepared the catalogue. With two or three notable exceptions, all the owners of Spanish paintings in England have contributed, from the King at Buckingham Palace to so little-known a provincial source as the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle. Several Spanish collectors are also among the contributors.

And if the standard might have been more rigorous, at least a collection has been got together that ranges over a period beginning with the Primitives of the thirteenth century and ending with the master of the nineteenth, Goya. The group of Primitives, however, is disappointing, not only because it is small, but because it contains little of very great distinction. No doubt some of the panels in their original place over an altar, or decorating a shrine, made their effect, and certainly all have an historic value. But one picture alone among them stands out as the work of an artist, as well as of the skilled craftsman trained in the traditional school, and this is the St. Michael by Vermejo, splendid in design, the figure spirited and full of action, Satan beneath the Saint's feet squirming to fine decorative purpose; but this panel was in the same gallery two years ago, when I remember writing in detail about it. The Spanish Primitives are not so easy to see in London as the Italian, and the series, if incomplete, will be of use to students by enabling them to follow the development of Spanish art from its earliest days and trace its inspiration if they choose, partly to the Italians who at that remote period visited Spain, and partly to Jan Van Eyck, who also was a visitor to the country. It is astonishing how far artists travelled at a time when travelling was anything but easy, so that any one school could never be quite independent in its ideas and methods.

After Vermejo come the portrait painters of the sixteenth century, they in their turn owing something to Antonio Mor, who was received at the court of Philip II. The series by Sanchez Coello show that Velasquez had a predecessor who understood how to give dignity and distinction to royal and imperial sitters, and sometimes a splendid technical touch and splendor of color to their dress. There is a portrait of a youth, who may or may not have been a Spanish prince, that is simply extraordinary in the way the figure maintains its dignity and concentrates in itself the interest of the design, though the elaborate pattern of the cloak is worked out with photographic minuteness in its infinite detail. Examples of Navarrete, too, are here. Also of Herrera the elder, whose small painting of a Partridge on the Wing, impressive in color and masterly in drawing, is a proof that Velasquez, in his first master, was more fortunate than many a young genius; while the Portrait of a Knight of Santiago by Pacheco testifies no less to the ability of the second master of Velasquez, from whom it is evident he had nothing to unlearn, though he carried the old tradition far beyond Pacheco's reach.

All the same, in the present exhibition anyway, the one artist of the sixteenth century, the one artist after Vermejo, who towers before Velasquez appears (that is, in order of time, not of the hanging), is El Greco, who, if Greek by nationality, was Spanish by choice, and is always ranked with the Spanish school. It has become the correct thing to talk of him as the first Post-Impressionist—a Post-Impressionist born four centuries too soon. The sixteen examples at the Grafton—of such varying merit that I wish they could have been reduced to half a dozen—hardly justify this appropriation, nor do any others that I have seen. El Greco had the individuality in his point of view and his method of expression that most Post-Impressionists struggle for by scrupulously imitating somebody else; but no great artist ever yet achieved greatness except by the development of his own individuality in his work. Velasquez might as well be called a Post-Impressionist as El Greco. Like all other great artists, El Greco's earlier paintings show the influence of the masters of his day, and there is at the Grafton a small Christ Driving the Money-Lenders out of the Temple which, in the color, the types, the movement of the figures, is distinctly Venetian. Indeed, in two paintings of St. Peter and St. Francis, he barely escapes the sentiment and sweetness of the Spanish painter of religious subjects, and in the strange Christ Led to Calvary, it is rather because of the entirely individual and chilling color scheme and the astonishing realism of the arrangement, than any of the exaggeration, the restlessness, of drawing usually associated with his name, that a personality may be seen breaking through school conventions. The beautiful portrait of his daughter, which no one can forget who visited the Guildhall Exhibition in 1901, is as full of dignity and restraint as a Velasquez. It is only when you come to the Supper in the House of Simon, shown already in the Grafton two or three years ago, that you find the peculiar exaggeration, restlessness, distortion almost, in the drawing of the figures and the spacing of the color, that has misled Post-Impressionism into looking upon him as their prophet. This exaggeration, found also in two or three portraits in the series, has been by some authorities accounted

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for by astigmatism of the eye. But though the chief cause might have been a physical defect in his vision, it seems more probable that the style he eventually developed came from the overemphasis in characterization that grew upon him, as a painter's mannerisms will. As, in our own time, Carrière insisted more and more upon atmosphere until at the end his figures were in danger of being lost in fog, as Matthys Maris grows more and more mystic until such of his later work as he shows remains an enigma to which he alone has the clue; so it seems as if El Greco preoccupied himself with character and its expression until he verged upon caricature, for I do not know what else to call it—not the cruel caricature of the satirist, not the tender caricature of the humorist, but the caricature of the earnest student seeking beauty in character and striving to get at the very essence of truth in his record.

The supreme masters have always escaped the pitfalls of exaggeration and mannerism. It is a relief to turn from El Greco, who at his best is disquieting, to Velasquez, who, in his superb repose, towers above all his countrymen of whatever age or school. The modern critic, busy grinding his own axe, has been guilty of many absurdities, but never of one greater than when he would dethrone Velasquez and exalt El Greco in his place. Twenty-seven paintings in the collection are attributed to the master, but in many cases the attribution is an insult. I suppose it would be a delicate matter in a Loan Exhibition to take from a picture the name of the artist which the owner tags on to it; on the other hand, it would be simple to refuse the picture. However, in the most glaring instances even the credulous public will not be deceived. Some of the finer examples in the country are missing, especially those from Kingston Lacy and Dulwich. But Apsley House and Dorchester House have contributed from their treasures, and if only quality had been preferred to quantity, an impressive group would have remained. For the expert, whose pleasure in a picture is measured not by its beauty but by the chance it gives him for a display of his own erudition, the interest centres about three paintings which I believe have not been hitherto exhibited or known. One is The Dying Gladiator, lent by Mr. F. D. Walenn, recently discovered, the catalogue states, in private hands in Sweden: a study of a nude, the pose presenting a most difficult problem in foreshortening, which is solved with such knowledge and good painting that no harm would be done to Velasquez's fame if it were finally catalogued with his school work, though other accomplished painters of his generation might have produced just such an "academy." The second is The Kitchen Maid from Mr. Otto Beit's collection, a long, narrow panel, full of masterly detail and beautiful in tone, that may well belong to the early period when Velasquez painted the Duke of Wellington's Old Woman Frying Eggs, now hanging close by. The third is The Angels Appearing to the Shepherds, a discovery of Mr. Marion H. Spielmann's, who seems to have a talent for discovery. I understand that some critics have accepted his present attribution, but those who look for proofs in the painting itself rather than in its pedigree will probably not be so easily convinced. Two shepherds rest by a stream where their sheep are drinking, while above in the sky float two little cherubs in a swirl of drapery. The whole arrangement is a triumph of what an early school of writers on art used to call *chiaroscuro* and much admire. Out of all but impenetrable shadow, the high lights on one of the cherubs, on the uplifted hand of the shepherd in the foreground, on the backs of the sheep, jump out with a violence that I have never yet seen in a Velasquez. There is no breadth in the handling, the drawing has not the master's touch. It frequently happens in the game of attributions that the pedigree may be all right, but the picture all wrong. However, I willingly leave the dispute to Mr. Spielmann and his experts and authorities, for surely it is waste of time to hunt for Velasquez in an uninteresting canvas when he asserts himself so triumphantly, so without the shadow of a doubt, in a long succession of masterpieces.

Here the notable examples of his art are the Portrait of Quevedo, the Portrait of a Spanish Gentleman, one version of the Pope Innocent X from the Duke of Wellington's collection, the Queen Mariana from the Ford collection, A Lady with a Mantilla from the Duke of Devonshire's, the early Philip IV of Spain from Sir George Holford's. All these are known and have been seen in comparatively recent years at the Academy, the Guildhall, or the New Gallery, but the opportunity to see them again is one that no lover of art can afford to miss. The Philip, a large, life-size, full-length standing figure, young, the face still, firm, and fresh, a richness of gold and crimson in the dress that Velasquez did not always allow him, rules it in the Gallery as the King who posed once ruled it in the Court of Spain. And the Spanish Gentleman, to the right of the Philip, severe, sombre, only the simple white linen collar relieving the severity of his black robe, is as commanding in his own way, and if less splendid a figure, as beautiful in his sober dignity. It would be better if these two portraits were come to in the very last of the galleries, for it must be confessed that the work of Velasquez's successors does not bear the test of comparison.

Murillo is almost as plentifully represented, but it is seldom that his large religious paintings excite any emotion save admiration for their dexterity. If his beggar boys could have been sent from Dulwich, another impression might have been given. As it is, most of his big canvases leave one cold, with no desire to pause except before that excellent but affected half-length portrait of himself, seen through an oval with an inscription below, made familiar by reproductions, and before the full-length, life-size Portrait of a Man in picturesque dress of black and white, which, after the Velasquez, is among the best portraits in the exhibition.

If Murillo leaves one cold, the painters who follow do not call for any recognition, negative or otherwise. It may have been thought advisable to include them for the sake of the historical sequence, but they add nothing to the artistic interest, and I doubt if a visitor in a hundred stops to look at them. Some of their paintings struck me as little better than the old masters, as they looked under time's coating of dust and grime, that used to hang in the typical London lodging-house of twenty-five or thirty years ago. These painters give the greater value to Goya when, finally, Goya is reached.

With Goya a new individuality appears in Spanish art, a painter with no less distinct a point of view of his own than El Greco. It is therefore to be wished that he had been better represented. One side of his art is seen, it is true, in two small studies of a madhouse and a prison, two small, cool, gray interiors filled, the first with fantastic figures, the second with writhing, manacled prisoners; while another side can be studied in four or five portraits: the Duchess of Alva with her dog, the painter's brother, the hard, dry-lipped poet, Melendez-Valdez, and, of more note apart from association, a Spanish Lady, with strange eyes gleaming from under her heavy black hair, thick and low on her forehead, long earrings dangling from her ears, a whitish gray shawl drawn tight around her shoulders, something defiant, something mystifying, in the ugly but interesting face which both attracts and repels. The group is one in which the student of Goya may rejoice; to any one ignorant of his art, it will not reveal either the extent of his powers or the reason for his reputation.

But Goya might be more adequately represented, El Greco might be seen only in his most individual work, and the splendid Philip, in the freshness of youth, the Spanish Gentleman, in the

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austerity of years, would still triumph over the collection, as they do now.

N. N.

Finance

THE PRESENT MOOD OF WALL STREET.

The spirit of pessimism which has for some weeks past prevailed in Wall Street, and which embodied itself in a general decline on the Stock Exchange, has had several causes, of which perhaps the most weighty has been the discovery that the Balkan War, and the financial derangement which accompanied it, had left Europe's financial organism in a weakened condition. This found expression in the dearness of foreign money markets when autumn began, with a consequent reaction of foreign trade activity. It left the European investing communities distrustful, and all these foreign tendencies necessarily affected our own markets.

At home, we had to face two uncertainties—the question whether some unsettlement of business plans would not have to follow the lower tariff, and the question whether or not an acrimonious dispute would be provoked between banks and Government, if a banking bill unsatisfactory to the banks were to be enacted. So far as actual developments are concerned, the course of trade has been less disturbed by the tariff changes than there was reason to anticipate, and the recent trend of discussion on the banking bill has suggested that mutual compromises may smooth out the deadlock of opinion. But there was nothing visible, in either quarter, to excite immediate enthusiasm; both measures were bound to be more or less experimental, and meantime the country's harvest results for 1913, taken as a whole, have fallen below the best of recent years.

In a general way, these facts account for the unfavorable view of things which the Stock Exchange has been taking. But they are not the explanations which are most frequently heard on the Stock Exchange itself. In that home of restless conjecture, one would learn, last week, that the trouble lay in the "anti-Trust policy of the Administration" (particulars not supplied); in the plunge into fiat money if the banking and currency bill were passed; and, by way of embellishment, in the "rumors" that the Bank of England was about to borrow gold from the Bank of France and that the Pennsylvania Railroad had in view a billion-dollar loan.

The reason why people of experience and intelligence accept with reserve the current Wall Street explanations lies in their knowledge of Wall Street itself. Wall Street is remarkably quick in showing by the action of its market that something is wrong somewhere in the financial organism; but it is one of the slowest, blindest, and most credulous of all communities in pointing out what the trouble is. When all stocks advance on the Exchange, the explanation that capital, previously tied up against an emergency which never came, has been released for the market's purposes, may lie absolutely on the surface of things. But it is much more to Wall Street's taste to assume that St. Paul, Amalgamated Copper, Atchison, and United States Steel are rising because Union Pacific has talked of distributing its assets to its shareholders in an "extra dividend." When a great break in prices occurs, and the newspaper dispatches simultaneously report the possibility of a diplomatic break between England and Germany, it is quite as likely as not that Wall Street will see no particular connection between them. If rumors happen to be current as to an "anti-Trust suit," the trend of the stock market will be exclusively ascribed to it.

It is this perfectly familiar tendency which at the present time warrants skepticism over all prevalent "explanations" in the financial district. Proving a negative is not easy, particularly when every one admits that constant reiteration of a fanciful theory regarding causes of the decline will induce some timid souls to sell stocks on the precise grounds alleged. The disposition to put the blame on any concrete fact is also more natural when, as at present, the main troublesome influences are out of sight, and perhaps embody merely the automatic sequel to the formidable political and financial crisis which prevailed in Europe during so great a part of the past twelve months. It is an occasion on which, if nothing better offered, one can imagine the Stock Exchange ascribing the day's decline in prices to the vote of the Sulzer impeachment court. That was at least an event, and Wall Street insists on new explanations.

It is doubtless an unlucky coincidence that, with the general underlying conditions of the hour not very favorable, the controversy over the lower tariff and the currency plan should have been before us. Yet it may not be out of place to ask whether (Wall Street being what it is) these very same factors might not have been used to a purport exactly opposite, if the general position of affairs financial had been such as to cause enthusiasm. Supposing that Europe's affairs had reached an entirely comfortable status, and that our harvests had been in 1913 what they were in 1912—is it rash to suggest that the Stock Exchange might have been basing prophecy of "boom times" on the larger business possible when artificial tariff barriers had been cut down, and when a scientific system of centralizing our bank reserves and credit resources had been established?

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Gibbs, Philip. The Eighth Year: A Vital Problem of Married Life. Devin-Adair Co.

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